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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MINE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Let the world go by!—I heed it not!
In my quiet highland home;
Though never a breath of its syren sweets
Across my brow shall come!
I've a dearer fate than the proudest king;
And I envy not the queen,
In her robes of purple and crimson fine,
On her throne of gold and green.

There's a blessed spirit in my heart,
Singing the livelong day.
A sweeter strain than the troubedour's
Old Spanish roundelay!
And it's joy to sit in the holy light
That falls from the sunset sky,
And catch the glory of *one* dear face,
The gleam of *one* loving eye.

Oh, what are thrones and crowns to me?
A nobler empire's mine!
Where *Love* is council, Truth the court,
And kisses the royal wine!
What need of the world's vain glories?
I fling the baubles away—
Our love will last through Eternity!
But pomp may fade in a day!

Farmington, Strafford co., N. H.

Our Historical Gallery.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GENERAL GREENE.

SECOND PAPER.—Continued.

THE plan of the British campaign for '77, was to get possession of the Southern States by cutting off from the North; and this was to be done on the following plan: Burgoyne was to subdue the country along Champlain and on the Hudson; Cornwallis and Clinton were to operate in Virginia and the remote South; while Howe, with his powerful army, was to cut up Washington or keep him in the Jerseys, and get possession of Philadelphia, as he already had New York whence he hoped to co-operate with Burgoyne. The plan was a formidable one and without great preparations; yet the spring was approaching, and but little was done. Congress was dilatory; and Greene, in whose ability and patriotism all had entire confidence, was sent on a special agency to that body. He was the most suitable agent that could have been sent, not only because he would, on that account, have more influence with them than any other, but because he had the confidence of Washington than any other, and was better acquainted with his plans, the condition of the army and the preparation to be made. On his return, he was sent with Gen. Knox to examine and report upon the passes of the Highland on the Hudson, which, it was now perceived, must soon become the scene of most important operations, and to put them in a state of defence. With the opening of spring, the camp of Washington at Morristown was broken up and a stronger position taken at Middlebrook. To draw him from this position and bring on a general engagement was now the object of Sir Williams; and, for this purpose, about the middle of June, he came out of New Brunswick and offered the Americans battle; but Washington was too wary to be thus beguiled of his prudence.

Having failed in his purpose, Howe commenced his return to Brunswick; and then, Greene was sent with a strong detachment to hang upon their rear, and, if possible, cut off the rear guard. He was further ordered, if the reinforcements under Sullivan and Maxwell, arrived, for whom an express had been sent, to attack the whole body and keep them employed until Washington himself could come to his assistance; but the express to whom a part of the plan had been confided, having deserted or been captured, the reinforcement did not get the word, or not in time, and the enterprise was a failure. The British General made his escape, with very little loss, and retreated to Staten Island, where after a series of skilful manœuvres which left his real purposes for some time in doubt, he sailed with his main force for the Chesapeake. It now became a paramount object with Washington to concentrate his whole strength and prepare for a determined resistance, in any form and under any circumstance it might become necessary. For this purpose Greene was sent forward to reconnoitre and choose a place for encampment. He selected a most favorable one within six miles of the enemy. A council of war anticipated his report; but the correctness of his opinion was amply verified by the result.

The advance of the British compelled the Americans to retire; and, after a few skirmishes, the latter took a secure position on the north bank of the Brandywine. This was on the 10th of Sept., and, early next morning, the enemy advanced to the attack. The passage of the ford was warmly contested by the main force of the American army under Washington; but, in the meantime, Howe and Cornwallis leaving Knyphausen with a strong detachment at Chad's Ford to keep up the conflict, and thus conceal their designs, took a circuitous route, and, crossing the stream at Jones' Ford, six miles above, and were rapidly gaining the American rear before any intelligence of the manœuvre was received. Washington had foreseen the possibility of such a movement; but, being deceived by conflicting reports, he had not taken the measures necessary to guard against the danger. When the fire was heard upon his right, leaving Gen. Wayne to contend with Knyphausen and Greene, with his two brigades in a position which enabled him to turn his arms to whatever point it might be necessary, he hastened with the divisions of Sullivan and Sterling to arrest the progress of the enemy. Those who choose may question the policy of this arrangement; but we feel that we do not know enough about the men and the circumstances to doubt the wisdom of Washington.

It is surprising to find how often men of ability and with good intentions lose an important advantage by an undue attention to trivial matters. Sullivan, who commanded the right wing, had been ordered to advance as speedily as possible, and engage the enemy as the several brigades arrived on the ground; but, instead of encountering the enemy at once, according to orders, he and Lord Sterling, from a mere punctilio of honor, were employed in marching and countermarching, in order to get such relative positions as they supposed the rules of military *etiquette* required, when Cornwallis, on observing their movements, promptly and very judiciously attacked them with such vigor that the columns were quickly thrown into perfect disorder, and the men were flying in every direction. If Greene had been there at first, such a fatal mishap would probably not have happened; but this was an issue which Washington could not foresee. He was now ordered up, however, with all possible expedition, and never was an order more promptly obeyed. So rapid were his movements that, 'tis said, he marched over four miles in less than fifty minutes, the men going at a trot and with such ardor that they could scarcely be kept in their ranks. Leaving Weedon's brigade by the way, in a fine position, which had been pointed out by Washington and Sullivan, when advancing to the first attack and when he could act in any direction as circumstances might require, he met the enemy in the road and instantly formed in line of battle. The British, elated with their recent success, advanced with shouts as if the victory had been already won; but were met by such a steady and well-directed fire from Greene's artillery that they were obliged to pause and adopt a more safe and regular mode of attack. In this brief interval, with his characteristic quickness of thought, and promptness of action, he opened his ranks, though, without any disorder, to pass the fugitives and then rallied as many of them as he could in his rear. Thus he made a stubborn resistance, fighting while he could, and receding when he must, until he came to a kind of defile, or stretch of road, so well protected on each side with a dense growth of timber that it answered the purpose of defile, and there, Weedon's brigade having been ordered up in the meantime, he made a noble stand. The British, flushed with victory, rushed on again to the strife; but they were soon made to recoil under the fire of Greene's artillery which carried death through their ranks. His position could not be turned, and repeated attempts convinced the British that it could not be forced. The conflict lasted till night closed upon the combatants, when the British, finding they could not overcome the stubbornness of their foes, and exhausted by the fatigues of the day, sullenly drew off and left the heroic Greene to retire at his leisure from the ground which he had so nobly defended. His bravery and generalship on this occasion gained for him the admiration of friends and foes; and he stood before all a foot higher than he had ever done before. The enemy, advancing upon Goshen, were again within striking distance of Washington's camp; and he ordered Sullivan, as the Senior Major-General, to draw up the troops for action, but the ground chosen was such that, in case of defeat, retreat would be impossible. Greene's quick discernment at once defeated the error and drew the attention of Washington to it, who ordered a different position to be taken; but a storm coming on, prevented the engagement. The deluge of rain so damaged the American arms and ammunition that Washington was obliged to abandon the idea of fighting and retired upon Reading. The judicious manœuvres and superior resources of Howe enabled him to make his way, in spite of opposition, and he entered the city as a conqueror. Greene was again despatched to select a position for the army, and he fixed upon one of great security, in a mountainous region and near the Yellow Springs, where the Americans could harrass the enemy in partial encounter or openly resist his passage over the Schuylkill; but a council of officers again anticipated his report and preferred meeting the enemy in the open field. This was unfair; but the correctness of his judgment was soon proved to a demonstration. When Howe entered Philadelphia, Sept. 26th, the Congress having previously removed to Lancaster, the public stores also having been sent off in good time and the shipping ordered to ascend the river, he found neither safety nor advantage from his acquisition, though the efforts made for its defence had been a serious loss to the American; but Washington resolved to strike a blow, which, if successful, might compensate him for the past misfortunes.

The main body of the British were quartered in Germantown, a small village about six miles from Philadelphia; a strong force was retained in the city for protection, and smaller bodies had been sent off in different directions, for the protection of provisions that had now to be brought from the fleet, and for other purposes. When the British fort was thus reduced by detachments, Washington determined to attack the main body at Germantown. As their losses at Brandywine, under all the adverse circumstances, had been surprisingly small, as that was the first occasion which most of them had ever met the fire of an enemy, not more than five hundred of them having ever before been in a battle, and as they now appeared to be in such fine spirits. The Commander-in-chief was encouraged to hope for a still more creditable display of courage and firmness.

With this hope and meditating a surprise, on the morning of Oct. 4th, he made his arrangements on the evening of the 3d, and commenced his march in the course of the night. The two armies were nearly equal in numbers; but the British were greatly superior in every other respect, being all veterans, and flushed with victory, well-fed, well-armed and well-equipped. The Americans were mostly raw recruits, half-clad and miserably furnished with weapons. To attack such an army, under such circumstances looked like rashness in the Commander-in-chief; but he found that some adventure must be made, even against his own better judgment, to raise the spirits and quiet the impatience of the nation who were greatly discouraged by the late reverses. In the order of battle, the right wing was assigned to Sullivan and was attended by Washington in person. The left was confided to Greene and consisted of his own and Stephen's divisions, supported by McDougald's brigade. The American camp was about sixteen miles to the North-west; and, of the four roads which approached Germantown on opposite sides, the right under Sullivan, consisting of his own and Wayne's divisions, preceded by Conway's brigade and followed by the reserve, consisting of three brigades under Lord Sterling, marched by the main Germantown road, which entered the village on the North side. The left under Greene proceeded by the Lime-kiln road, and on the East side, one division of the militia advanced along the York road, on the same side of the village; and the other division, on the Ridge road, which approached on the West side. The town consisted of a single street, or string of houses, near two miles long; the British line crossed this street about the middle, with about an equal number on each side; and strong detachments were placed at intervals nearly to the Ridge road. In advance of the village, on the Germantown road, was posted a battalion of light infantry, and a little in their rear, was the 40th regiment under Col. Musgrave. Both roads were watched by two battalions of guards, conveniently posted between them, and the army was well arranged for defence. The progress of the Americans was a laborious and painful one, over fences and ditches, bogs and forests, plodding their weary way in the dark, and unable, at any time, to see an object at the distance of a bow-shot. The day dawned with a dense fog; and they were first apprized of their proximity to danger by a firing on the militia, under Gen. Armstrong, in the direction of the Ridge road. Believing that this would be the main point of attack, the British commander strongly reinforced his chasseur; but for this there happened to be no occasion as the militia did not stand their ground.

The reinforcements sent to this quarter by the British were quickly to the left wing which they strengthened at the critical moment; and the battalion of British, first encountered by Sullivan's column, having delivered their fire, yielded to the bayonets of Conway's brigade. Col. Musgrave, with the 40th regiment, rushed forward to sustain them, and, for a time, the contest was severe. Sullivan's first onset was a splendid success; but fortune was about to change. The stubborn Englishman yielded slowly to the pressure and was ready to improve every advantage that presented itself. At the upper end of town and in the route of the Americans, was a stone mansion, usually known as Chew's house, of which he instantly took possession; and, occupying it with five or six companies, the rest of his corps fell back on the main body. The fog now passing away, Sullivan's was arrested by a murderous fire from the windows of the house; and, most unfortunately, the column was halted for a few moments with the hope of dislodging the enemy now sheltered by its walls; but Washington came up, and, finding that its reduction would require too much time, ordered the column to advance, leaving a single regiment to keep the temporary garrison in check. "The left wing of the British had advanced as the firing on the road commenced;" and now, assuming a different position to meet the two American columns, the line extended from the Lime-kiln to the Germantown road. This required a new disposition of Sullivan's which occupied a few minutes; and by the time, one-half the men had, with great effort, removed the obstructions by tearing away posts and fences, the other half had expended their ammunition. This had an injurious effect on Greene's division, which, having to march by a more circuitous route, was a few minutes longer in reaching the scene of action. It was now vigorously assailed by the British light infantry, but were quickly obliged to retreat and continued to do so, in good order, tho' pressed by the American light troops and galled by their artillery. So dense was the fog that the American marksmen could only take aim at the flash of the British guns, but even in that way, their fire was quite effective. On reaching the ground on the East side of the stone house, now occupied by Musgrave, warned him that the conflict with Sullivan's column had commenced, The halt, the reconnoitering and the preparation for action, were the work of a moment; but the progress of events had totally disconcerted all the previous arrangements. The change in the British front rendered a corresponding change necessary for Sullivan; and this threw one half of his column on the same side with that of Greene.

One of the most fatal errors and one of the most difficult to relieve in an extended conflict, is that of one part mistaking another for enemies, which often happens in darkness or obscurity; and such an error was now committed. The brigade of Stephens, who, tho' a good officer when sober, had made rather too free with his canteen that morning, fired on Wayne's brigade, which composed Sullivan's left. They had been thrown directly between Stephens and the British line; and, not expecting an enemy there, the mistake, in the obscurity of the morning, was easily made. Greene's division, then, on the left, were pressing on, as they supposed, against the British, fired on Sullivan's other columns which threw the whole into such disorder that all the efforts of the officers could not rally them to face the enemy again. Two British regiments, being thus left at liberty, wheeled upon Sullivan's left, and the battle which had been almost won, was now entirely lost. The increasing light of day now discovered to Greene his danger on the right, and the route which prevailed in that direction, convinced him that an immediate retreat was unavoidable. With veteran troops, even at that moment, their reverses might have been revived; but with raw undisciplined soldiers, it was impossible. He had already achieved much. He had approached the enemy's right, while the attack on Chew's house was in progress, and routed a battalion of light infantry and the Queen's Rangers.

He was endeavoring to enter the town, which he would have done with triumphant success, but Armstrong, with the *militia* of Pennsylvania, who was to attack the enemy's extreme left, had failed to do his duty, and Smallwood and Forman, with the militia of Maryland and New Jersey, who were to attack their extreme right, did not arrive in time. Col. Matthews, with a detachment from the right of Greene's column, advancing to the left of Chew's house, had attacked a party of English, had made one hundred and ten prisoners and driven the rest before him, as far as the market house; but, owing to the density of the fog which prevented the contending parties from seeing each other, he was stopped at a breast-work near Lucan's mills, where the right wing of the enemy, on finding that they had nothing to fear from the militia of Maryland and New Jersey, surrounded him and his party. They made a desperate resistance; but, after most of his

officers and men were killed and his prisoners retaken, he was obliged to surrender with the small remnant, about one hundred, while three times that number lay dead or wounded on the ground and probably a much larger number of the British. Sullivan was successful until the sudden reverse of which we have spoken; and the enemy, as was ascertained afterwards, were so overwhelmed by the sudden, well-directed and resolute attack of the Americans that they were meditating a hasty retreat and had fixed upon Chester, in Pennsylvania, as the place of rendezvous.

But Conway had left his brigade in the very tide of success and could not be prevailed on to resume the command, his ignoble reasons for which were soon disclosed, and we pass them over for the present. Sullivan's whole column were suddenly thrown into confusion, and were flying in every direction. Musgrave was still in possession of his stone fortress and the whole British force, now flushed with the hope of victory and stimulated by the approach of Cornwallis, from Philadelphia, with a considerable body of mounted men, were pressing upon Greene's column, the only portion of the Americans who were yet maintaining their ground. The task of conducting the retreat was a most difficult and perilous one, but it was nobly performed. Few men, under such circumstances, could have maintained the courage and discipline of his own men, while keeping the enemy at bay; but it was done. The conflict was unremitted for nearly five miles and was closed at last by a succession of warm and well-directed vollies from the artillery. The day had been one of reverses and sad disappointments; but it proved the superior generalship of Greene. He managed to bring off all the cannon, even including one that had been rendered useless; and, if the Americans lost the victory, they gained some important lessons of experience, which were of great importance to them in subsequent conflicts.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Heart Bells of Memory.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

Author of "Our Country," "Life's Golden Dream," &c., &c.

O, the heart bells of memory how sweet is their strain
Of the days of long ago,
How the forms of friends in a shadowy train
Like shadows appear and then pass again,
As the bell tones over us flow.

Memory like a silvery bell is forever chiming of the past; soft and fairy-like do its tones steal upon us, and awake the half-forgotten scenes of the distant "Long ago," which echo through the soul like the last notes of a sweet sad song, and make such music as one might imagine an angel's wing makes, *When bearing a new born soul to heaven*. Such music as earth dreams of, and heaven only knows. O, the past, the past, shadowy and silent as death, yet peopled with the loves and hopes of half a life time. When we have wandered far from home, and are as "strangers in a strange land," then does its voice chime of the loved and left ones, and so vividly does it bring their shapes before us, that we can almost feel the soft pressure of warm hands; it breathes again the last "good bye," and makes the mother's parting prayer float round the soul like the fragments of dewy flowers, or the half heard echoes of a chanted psalm.

O, the heart bells of memory, how glorious their flow
As they chime of a mother's love,
A mother with high and with holy brow
Who dwelleth with God and his angels now
In the happier land above.

And again, they chime, softly and slow, of the silent dead, and lips long frozen by the ice of death, breathe a summer air, and speak gently to us, as if shadows were whispering in their ear, and saying, come, come. O, death! thou art mysterious, but the heart that is hopeful, can look beyond thee, and see that thou art but a nightshade, that darkens the soul till day breaks, it can trace out the tints of glory and hear the stream of life murmuring over the golden strand of the new Jerusalem; even the heart bells of memory awaken tones which thou hast silenced, and call up forms which thou hast laid in the *Sunless City*, and thereby render thee less terrible.

O, ye heart bells of memory, chime on; tell of the warm clasp of loving hands; tell of the sweet words that scattered sunlight on the waste of the past; tell of the bright flowers that sprung by life's road, to make its burden lighter; sing of the good and beautiful of earth; sing, sing, until the heart holds a jubilee over the sweets of life, and forgets the bitter. Sing of the past, till we remember that God made the world and it was good, and our hearts echo it is still good.

O, ye heart bells, of memory, chime on, chime on,
Of the things that used to be,
Yea chime until life itself is done,
And the soul from earth has heavenward flown,
Then chime through Eternity.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Literary World.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

H. C. CONANT.

THE NEW ENGLAND THEOCRACY. A History of the Congregationalists in New England, to the Revivals of 1740. By H. F. Uhden. With a Preface by the late Dr. Neander. Translated from the second German Edition by H. C. Conant. 1 Vol. 12 mo. cloth $1. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1859.

The character and nature of the contents of this work are quite clearly indicated in its title. Being a history of the early Theocratic government in New England, it necessarily embraces the history of that period, the earliest in the formation of our present system of government, and the total separation of the Ecclesiastical from the Political. To the American citizen, every book pertaining to the early history of his country, the most important and flourishing of all countries in the world, must necessarily possess a deep degree of interest. Add to the interest which necessarily clusters around the subject of this book that, in its English dress, it is one of the most pleasantly written historical Monographs in the world and you have a pretty fair conception of the work about which we are writing. It was written by an eminent German scholar, and is fully endorsed by the late celebrated Dr. Neander, who appended to it a lengthy Preface. The translation is very excellently done; and the book, taken as a whole, is certainly a valuable addition to the Ecclesiastical history of our country and one that will be extensively read, and grow only the more famous as it grows old. It is not intended for Congregationalists, only, but will be read with equal interest by every reader of our country's history.

AUGUSTA MOORE.

NOTES FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT:—A collection of Memorable Passages from the Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher, with a Sketch of Mr. Beecher and the Lecture Room. By Augusta Moore. 1 Vol. 12 mo., cloth $1. New York: Derby & Jackson, 1859.

There is a magical power and fascinating beauty in every thing uttered by Henry Ward Beecher, in the Pulpit. He possesses the most remarkable powers of mind of any man now living. His command of language is truly miraculous, and the happiness and appropriateness of his illustrations; the clearness of his conceptions; and the beauty of his imagery, have scarcely a parallel in literature. Henry Ward Beecher is a very popular man; and his extensive popularity has a sure and safe foundation. All his published works prove him to be just what the speech of people claim for him. In the volume before us, we meet Mr. Beecher in a different character, we meet him in his pulpit, and read his best thoughts uttered there, which were reduced to writing by a member of his congregation. In the "thoughts" embraced in this volume, we discover a degree of spontaneity not to be found in his writings, while they contain all those elements of beauty, moral worth and popularity which are the distinguishing features of his written compositions. Every thought, embraced in the volume, fairly glows with life and animation, and the further we read the more we desire to read until we have read it through. Nor are we satisfied with a single perusal; because thoughts like these, are but seldomly met with. Taken as a whole, the book is but an epitome of gems of Truth. The reader should not confound this volume with the "LIFE THOUGHTS," published by our friends, Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, as they are totally distinct and different, yet the reader should possess both.

ALVAH HOVEY, D. D.

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND TIMES of Rev. Isaac Backus, A. M. By Alvah Hovey, D. D., 1 Vol. 12 mo., $1.25. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Meet, indeed, is it, that the names of those who may be regarded as the pioneers in the cause of Christianity in America, should be registered upon the pages of history, and a suitable memoir of their lives and services be given to the public, so that we may know to whom we owe much of the liberty, and many of the civil blessings which we now enjoy. The labors of Isaac Backus, who was the founder of one of the earliest Baptist churches in America, were of great value and importance to Christianity. The history of his life and labors is a history of the times in which he lived—in the infancy of New England. This work is written with signal ability and portrays in vivid colors, the history of this remarkable man, and which no person can read without becoming deeply interested in it. It is one of those genuine, wholesome, religious biographies, which it is a pleasure to read, and which cannot be read without exercising a strong influence for the better, upon us. It is really a noble monument to a noble man.

Hon. W. C. Preston is at present in Abingdon, Virginia. A friend of his writes that he intends going back to Columbia, S. C., ere long; that his aged heart yearns for the scenes of yore.

Stories from the Bible.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF KING DAVID.

BY PAUL RIVINWOOD.

NUMBER TWO.

Saul consulting the Sorceress at Endor—David lamenteth Saul and Jonathan's death—David made King—at Hebron—over all Israel.

It was the night before the fatal battle of the Israelites with the Philistines—supposed to have been fought sometime during the year 1061 B. C.—Saul had encamped near to the town of Gibboa, some seven miles east of Jezrel, now Jelbon, situated at the foot of the mountain so named, which, says an able historian, is a lengthened ridge rising up in peaks about 800 feet above the level of the road, and 1,200 ft. above that of the sea; and bounding the plain of the Jordan on the west—the sea of Tiberias is clearly discovered towards the north-east terminated by the snow capped Hermon. During the greater part of the summer the mountain is covered in the morning with thick clouds which disappear towards mid day. The Philistines had pitched their tents at Shunem, a city, in the tribe of Issachar. Saul was very fearful of the enemies' power, and he walked his tent to and fro in deep thought, for he had inquired of the Lord what to do, "but the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets."

The sun had sunk in all its eastern splendor, and myriad stars shone clearly out in the blue above—soon the full round moon appeared making the night even more beautiful than the day had been. At last the king stopped, and turning to one of his body-guard, said in a deep trembling voice, "Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and inquire through her what shall be the fate of to-morrow's battle?" Then said the guard unto him, "Behold *there is* a woman that hath a familiar spirit at *Endor.

"I will go this very hour!" exclaimed the king, "Get me ready a disguise."—Soon he put on the dress of one of his servants, disguising him so that not even his own soldiers could tell him. To two of his faithful officers, he said, "Get ye a disguise so that ye will not be known, and follow me." All being made ready, they started for Endor (a journey of ten miles.) At last they reached the town and their guide led them to a ruined habitation—what this place might have been none could say—it had the appearance of *gloom* and *misery*, the moon sent its soft rays of shadowy light over it, which caused it to look more terrible than the darkest night could have done. They stopped, and Saul bid the guard to hail the Sorceress.

Then said he—"Sorceress of Endor, *thou* who callest the *dead* from the tomb, and bidst them to appear unto the *living!* there is one here who will make thee rich if thou wilt do *his* bidding!" Then all was still, no sound broke in upon that *awful* moment—so dreadful was the silence to Saul that he trembled and gripped hard the arm of his faithful officer. Soon was heard a voice within, saying, "Who is it that would question me?" And the king answered, "I pray thee divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me him up whom I shall name unto thee?" Then replied the voice, "Behold thou knowest what Saul had done how he had cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land, wherefore then, layest thou a snare for my life to cause me to die!" And Saul swore by the God of the armies of Israel, saying, "As the Lord liveth, there shall *no* punishment happen to thee for this thing."

Again was heard that mysterious voice, "I take thy oath! come within, and I will do thy bidding! They entered, and found themselves in a dark apartment, no lamp glimmered there with golden light to rob the darkness of its awful terror; now and then, a faint silvery shadow from the moon would course across the blackened ground and walls, and then flee from this death-like place—a damp chill swept through the king's system and huge drops of sweat rolled freely down his face—one of these soft rays loitered for a moment by the light of which they saw the Sorceress and the barrenness about them. A single black slab stood at the end, rising some three feet from the ground, being nearly four feet long and two wide—the Sorceress stood with one hand resting upon it, and in the other she held a long slim stick: dark glossy hair fell over her shoulders, the complexion of her face was olive, two jet black eyes, glaring like balls of blazing fire, set deeply within her sunken orbits, thin and death-like was her face; a black robe, with flowing sleeves, dressed her body, her figure was tall, and she looked the picture of *evil*. She said to the king, pointing to the slab, "Whom shall I bring up unto thee?" And Saul replied: "*Bring me up Samuel.*"

Again silence reigned. Soon there arose a dim blue light from off the slab, and along the ground from the right, it became more beautiful; as it increased the blue seemed to mingle with the white, and the *whole* place was scented with sweet incense—at last there arose clouds of light blue tinged with shining gold, rolling up to the *very* roof, like mighty waves, which send their white spray glistening in the rays of the noon sun, *far* up the sandy beach. This place, once so *fearfully* dark, was now one magnificent blaze of lights giving to the eye the magic appearance of some enchanted grove more beautiful than the imagination can picture. The Sorceress directed her piercing gaze far into those volumes of rolling light, and at last she cried in a loud voice—"Why hast *thou* deceived me? for *thou art* Saul!!" pointing at the king.

Then replied he, "Be not afraid, for what sawest thou?" And she said, pointing up into the silver clouds wreathed with *gold*, "I saw gods ascending out of the earth!" "What form is he of?" asked Saul, with an inquiring gesture and look. She looked for a moment into the mellow light, and spoke in slow measured tones, "An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle"—then, as she pointed into the light, she screamed, "*Look, Saul, look!!*"

And Saul perceived Samuel, "and he stooped with his face to the ground and bowed himself," for *lo!* from the clouds there appeared the person of the prophet Samuel, covered in a mantle of snowy white with his arms folded, and his head gently inclined forward. Beautiful was he to look upon that *honored* prophet from God's glorious kingdom, who had passed from earth to *Eternity* rich in the *perfect fullness* of his Master's love! Coming from those golden regions above—by a miracle of the Creator's power—to this *sinful* earth to confront Saul and inform him of the awful doom he was about to meet.

He spoke!—not as earthly beings speak one to another, but in a voice rich and melodious—"*Why wouldst thou see me, Saul?*" And the king, on his bended knees, replied, in a voice alive with fear, "I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and *God* is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams: therefore I have called *thee*, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do?"

Then said Samuel, "Wherefore then dost thou ask me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy? And the Lord hath done to him, as he spake by me, for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbor, *even to David:* because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amelek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hands of the Philistines; and to-morrow *shalt* thou and thy sons be with *me!"

At these words Saul "fell straightway all along the ground, and was sore afraid." Then the Spirit of this glorious patriarch seemed to leave the body and ascend into the brilliant clouds of smoke, and in an instant his earthly tabernacle, now that the jewel had fled melted into the elements, and the lights faded rapidly away—so sudden was the change from light to darkness, it was sublimely awful, and Saul, more dead than alive, departed only to meet a more terrible doom on the morrow.

Early the next morn "was the battle in array, army against army." The Philistines were driving before them the warriors of Israel, and many were slain in Mount Gilboa. Saul fled and was followed hard by the Philistines—and Jonathan who was trying to keep near his almost frantic father, was pierced to the heart with an arrow from an archer of the enemy—the king almost fainting, suddenly stopped and commanded his armor-bearer, saying, "Draw thy sword and thrust me through therewith, lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through."

To which the faithful armor-bearer replied, "No! most noble king! I dare not do it, for thou wert chosen by the God of Israel, and he who lays hand on the 'anointed' will be punished!"

Therefore Saul took the sword and fell upon it. Thus did the first king of Israel die, *who*, with all his power, wealth and splendor, fell a victim to his *sins*, even *having to take* his own *life* as the Almighty had decreed.

It was at the city of Ziklag, situated in the south of Canaan, that David had taken up his quarters after the slaughter of the Amalekites. On the third day of his being there the news reached him of the fate of Saul and Jonathan, "and he mourned and wept and fasted until even."

"And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan his son. The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

"From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O, Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

A few years after this most *eloquent* as well as *soul-touching* lamentation of David's at Hebron, situated on an eminence twenty miles south of Jerusalem, came all the tribes of Israel, there, and said unto David, "Behold, we are thy bone and flesh, and in time past, when Saul was king over us, thou wast he that ledest out and broughtest in Israel, and the Lord said to thee, thou shalt feed my people Israel, and thou shalt be a captain over Israel."

And David was anointed king over all Israel, at the age of thirty. It was a day of general rejoicing—he was loved for his personal beauty, his manly sincerity and his bravery as a warrior. All Israel felt that his reign would be one of peace and prosperity, and they *gloried* in their young king.

*Note.—Endor, a city, belonging to the half tribe of Manasseh, on the west side of the Jordan; according to Eusebius, it was four (4) Roman miles to the south of Mount Tabor. Here dwelt the Sorceress who was consulted by Saul a short time before the battle of Gilboa.

*Note.—That is, he shall be dead to this world as Samuel was.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WILD SPORTS IN THE FAR WEST. By Fred. Gerstacker. Translated from the German, with Eight Crayon Drawings, Executed in Oil Colors from designs by Weir. 1 vol. pages 396. Boston, Crosby, Nichols & Co.

We had intended writing a notice of this work some weeks ago, but really since its arrival in the family, we have hardly been able to lay hands on it; there has been such a constant demand for it from the elder ones to read it, and from the younger to look at the pictures, that we have been obliged to defer our examination of it until now. To do justice to our hero, we will begin at the beginning, endeavoring to give our readers a slight foretaste of what they may expect when they become better acquainted with him. Chapter 1st shows him to us on board a lighter in Bremerhaven, which was to take him to the bark "Constitution," bound for New York; he gives a most good natured and amusing account of the trials, tribulations and sufferings of the voyage. Landing on the sixty-fourth day he goes out sight-seeing in the big town and catches a glimpse of "the elephant," not exactly the game he expected; thence by canal to Buffalo and Niagara, roams into Canada, foots it through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, down the river to New Orleans, turns up soon after in Cincinnati, where he takes up a trade. Being attacked here by the spirit of unrest, which ever pursued him, he takes to the woods on foot and at this point commences his regular hunter's life, leading or rather driving him over Arkansas and up and down the Mississippi, until he is cast ashore and turns up brand new a barkeeper at Point Cowper, amusing his leisure by shooting alligators by torchlight. After a most astonishing variety of adventures, he returns to "Vaterland," and if the spirits of the slaughtered "varmints" do not attend his couch and make "night hideous," then there is no truth in the doctrine of transmigration. The book is well written throughout, abounding in sprightly narratives of funny scenes, interspersed with thrilling accounts of the wildest adventures. One day he goes to a 4th of July barbacue or joins in a debate at a log school-house, in the woods; the next he is tramping, wet, weary and hungry, over the desert hills of Arkansas or in a death struggle with a wounded bear; his unerring rifle brings down all sorts of game—eagles, deer, panthers, foxes, turkies and bears, all yield their "spolia opima" to him, and in that State where to be "some in a bar fight" is considered higher reputation than to be a member of Congress, he must have left a never dying fame behind him. The account of his sojourn with old Conwell, a kindred Nimrod, is delightfully primitive, but if the reader wishes to have his hair stand on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," let him read the account of the attack on a she-bear in her cave, page 319, and the desperate struggle in which Erkshine and five dogs were killed, and our hero laid senseless. It liked to have "wiped out" the German and avenged the spirit of many murdered bears.

But we have said enough. Buy the book.

P. S. S.

Sir Archibald Alison recently remarked, while in the chair of the St. John's Masonic Lodge at Glasgow, that "there was no Scotchman to be found in all the extent of Queen Victoria's dominions who did not recollect the poetry of Burns, and there were few under whose pillow a copy of his works was not found. During the war in India he (the chairman) had been assured that there were many copies of them discovered in the knapsacks of the private soldiers and haversacks of the officers."

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7th., 1859.

Congressional—The general appropriation bill—Retrenchment—Avenue railroad—Balls at Brown's and Douglas'—Exhibition of the Art Association—Piccolomini in opera.

On Monday last the House of Representatives by resolution agreed to meet daily at 11 A. M. an hour earlier than hitherto. The members of this body seem determined by extraordinary diligence to obviate the necessity of an extra session. Last week besides disposing of a great number of private bills, they entered upon the consideration of the bill making appropriations for the general expenses of the legislative and executive departments of the Government for the year ending June 30th 1860.

All kinds of propositions were made with a view to reduce the amount of the appropriations, but no definite amendments to the bill have yet been adopted. In the Senate much of the last week was taken up with the transaction of business relating to the interests of the District of Columbia. It has been informally decided that a horse railroad is to be built on Pennsylvania Avenue connecting Georgetown and the Capitol, but the question of granting the charter has caused some dispute, inasmuch as several parties, the corporation of Washington among the number, claim the right of way at the hands of Congress.

The gay season is now at its zenith one of the largest balls ever given in this city came off last Monday evening at the residence of the Postmaster General, Aaron V. Brown. It was indeed a bright and happy assemblage of beauty and fashion. Grave Senators and sly Diplomats alike descended from their lofty dignity to mingle in the witching whirl of *les Lanciers*. On Friday night a large party was given by Mrs. Senator Douglas, but the anomalous position now occupied by her husband prevented very general attendance.

For some days past the exhibition of the Washington Art Association has been in progress. The collection of works of art is very creditable, and indeed has never been surpassed in this country.

Piccolomini, who sang in concert before a Washington audience last week will to night appear in the magnificent opera of "*Don Pasquale.*" Ulmans troupe will also give us the "Barber of Seville" to-morrow night, but without their charming and *petite* prima donna. The scale of prices has been so enormously increased for these two nights that many call it imposition, but the Theatre will be thronged with a fashionable audience, nevertheless. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Feb., 7th., 1859.

The Legislature—Congress—The R. & G. R. R.—The Quakers—Counterfeit Gold.

Dear Times.—"The long session," as it begins to be called, wears towards its close and both houses are despatching business with great rapidity. The House having, at length, passed the Revenue Bill, by a vote of 58 to 41, it has been sent to the Senate; many voted against it, doubtless regarding several of its provisions as unconstitutional and unnecessarily onerous and not with a view to impair or render inoperative the obligations of the State; it is supposed that more money will be raised than is absolutely necessary. The bill appropriating $25000 per annum for the Lunatic Asylum, passed the House, and also the Wilmington C. & R. Bill. The Western R. R. Bill was defeated, so was the Bill to prevent the immigration of free negroes; this is an important matter and one which needs legislation; the amended Charter of the Bank of Wilmington was passed.

The Senate have had some difficulty again over the appointment of magistrates; the Bill to increase the sinking Fund was tabled; one to abolish the State Survey, indefinitely postponed; one to open the Pee Dee and Yadkin, to the passage of fish, destroying a very large amount of valuable property for a most insignificant good, was passed. The C. F. and D. R. Bill has had a long discussion; the Bill chartering the Banks of Lexington and Salisbury have passed; the Bill to charter the Bank of N. C. was rejected, and Mr. Lane's resolution to extend the charter of the present Bank of the State, was smothered by striking out all after the enacting clause, and inserting, as a substitute, Mr. Ransom's Bill, which is yet before the House. Next to the Revenue, this is the most important matter of the session, one to be well considered and wisely acted on; the Finances of the State will be in a most critical condition, if the Legislature should adjourn without making a substitute for the present Bank, whose charter expires January 1st. 1860. According to a paragraph in the Wilmington Herald, 432 Bills &c. have been introduced in the House, and 107 in the Senate, averaging about 3½ for the members of one, and about 2 for each Senator; Mr. Dortch, of Wayne, has the largest share 14. Of the total, 321 have been acted on, 244 passed, 77 rejected, leaving 218 yet to be acted on. Several members have already gone home as it is quite probable the adjournment will take place by the 15th.

The Congressional proceedings are interesting and important. The democracy do not take kindly the 30,000,000 pill; it is certainly an enormous sum of money to be placed in the hands of one man, entirely unaccountable for his acts, and without even a probability that he can thereby accomplish any useful purpose. On the other side of the water, too, the Spanish nation is by no means in the notion of giving Cuba up; France and England are growling over the President's message and are ready to show their teeth upon the slightest intimation, on our part, of an intention to seize the "gem of the Antilles." Take this matter into consideration, along with our affairs in Paraguay, the Treasury empty and going out a begging, and Congress talking and squabbling about nothing, and the whole Government seems to be rapidly approaching what would vulgarly be called "a fix." How much are we in need now, both in our State and in the United States, of some one man of commanding views and farsighted discernment, who could rise from the corrupting dregs of party, break the degrading shackles of self interest, and place our country in the elevated position to which we are entitled; a position at once safe, lofty and noble; himself at her side her bravest and truest defender! We wont men educated to be Statesmen, bred in the school of politics, in its most refined sense, ascending, step by step, as they shall be found worthy, until they shall at last attain the highest eminence. Every other profession is considered to require an apprenticeship of study and labor, but now the veriest clod hopper thinks himself qualified to hold the helm of State, direct the finance, raise up commerce, or rule discordant nations, to obey his heaven-born wisdom.

The Raleigh & Gaston Directory are agitating a matter of great interest to the community; nothing less than the removal of their depot, shops, etc., from this place to a more central point down the road, viz: Henderson. The probability is that it will be done, thus sacrificing a very large amount of valuable property; the consequence will be very serious to us, as some $50,000 per annum will be taken from our cash circulation and the general interest of a community, which has done and suffered so much for the road, will be entirely disregarded.

A very curious change is noticed by the papers as going on in English society; nothing less than the disappearance of the peculiar marks of Quakerdom; the broad brim, the shad-bellied coat, with hue of sombre dun, the distinctive "thee" and "thou" are all to give way to the advance of more modern and practical ideas. The distinction between the outer and inner Church is also to be removed, and the heathen and publican Quakers are to be married just as those of the "most straightest sect."

An astounding fraud of a very dangerous character has been recently made public; it consists in what is technically called, "gutting," by which gold pieces are sawed thro' their circumference and the vacancy filled with lead; they are then milled again and galvanized; it is impossible to detect the fraud, except by an accurate balance, they are generally some 19 or 20 grains too light. There is a neat balance "Allender's Patent," which exactly gives the weight, thickness and diameter of our gold coins, and is considered infallible. There is a good deal of this counterfeit in circulation, and your readers must beware of burning their fingers. Yours, &c., P. S. S.

A TEST FOR MEMBERS:—The Washington *States*, of the 3d says that Mr. Letcher proposed the following amendment to the general Appropriation bill.

To strike out the word "mileage," and insert "the necessary and actual expenses of traveling by the most direct route from their homes to the capital."

This is an important suggestion. While members are clamorous for a reduction of the public expenditures, they should attest their sincerity by the retrenchment of their own extravagant income. The present plan of mileage compensation is intrinsically unjust, as well as unfair in its operation. In point of fact, some members now receive double the pay given to others. The inequality may be remedied by Mr. Letcher's proposition. Let each member be indemnified only for the actual expenses of travel to the seat of government, and then all will enjoy the same emolument. Besides, it is wrong to the public, that some persons should be allowed several thousand dollars for an outlay which really amounts only to so many hundred.

For pocket money Louis Napoleon, it is alleged, gives fat Prince Napoleon a million of francs ($200,000) upon his marriage with Clotilde, a miss of sixteen, daughter of the King of Sardinia. The newspapers had been directed not to mention the present.

A Noble Letter.

Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, sent the following letter to the Boston Anniversary Celebration of the birth-day of Daniel Webster, It breathes the same fraternal spirit and conservative tone that distinguished his celebrated speech at Barnwell Courthouse last fall, and so quickly placed him in a prominent and esteemed position before the entire country.

If all our Statesmen, or eager aspirants for that post, were as truly patriotic, conservative and just, there would be fraternity and generous emulation instead of strife and conspiracies. We commend the spirit of the letter to all who would be patriots and benefactors.

DEAR SIR:—I am very grateful to you and to those whom you repesent, for your polite invitation to attend your dinner in Boston, on the 18th proximo, in honor of Mr. Webster's birth-day; and for the kind assurances accompanying it, in which I have full confidence.

My duties here, however, so entirely engage all my attention, that I must respectfully decline your invitation.

You say, that in the Revolution, Massachusetts and South Carolina "stood shoulder to shoulder." It would be well for the world if they stood so now! And why do they not? To have brought about their present relations, one of them must have erred much—possibly both. Another age will decide botween us.

Born and bred in South Carolina, of which State my mother is a native, my father is a Massachusetts man—college friend of Mr. Webster—and descended, I am proud to say, from your earliest Puritan immigrants. In the antagonism of these two small, but noble States, I have personally much to regret—as a patriot, still more. I wish the breach could be filled up and obliterated. If we have done you wrong, if we have been the aggressors I think that I can assure you that there is not a man in South Carolina who is conscious of it—not one who would interfere with any of your institutions—not one who would thwart in the least any of your peculiar and legitimate interests; and, could it be shown that we have done any of these things, not one but would desire to make prompt and ample reparation. If the same spirit animates the people of Massachusetts to the same extent, we may justly hope that—the deluding falsehoods of political aspirants trampled under foot—our two States may yet stand "shoulder to shoulder," the pillars of a constitutional republic, wisely and justly administered for the protection and advancement of all, without special privileges or endowments to any section, class, or individual, but insuring to all and each the full development of themseves.

Your obedient servant.

J. H. HAMMOND.

Washington, Dec. 22d, 1858.

SPRING GOODS are being landed in New York in abundance, and will, doubtless, come a little easier to country dealers. The Journal of Commerce says:

The imports of foreign dry goods at the port of New York, for the past four weeks, are larger than for any corresponding period (with a single exception) since the country was settled. The exception was in January, 1856, but the total for that month was only a trifle beyond the figures reached during the current January.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE ITALIANS—The Paris writer of the Boston Courier, Jan. 6th, charges that—

After Orsini's death most positive engagements were entered into by the Emperor Louis Napoleon with the so-called Italian patriots—he solemnly promised that if "time were given him" he would chase the Austrians from Italy. Since that moment the attempts at assassination have ceased. M. de Cavor, who is obliged to hold amore and closer communication than he cares for with the revolutionists of Italy, was of course the natural confidant, and even in some repects the agent of all these negotiations. But the difficulties of execution were immense. On the one hand the "patriots" point their daggers and pistols, and say: "Deliver Italy or beware of us!" but on the other England has hitherto said she would hear of no modification to the map of Europe Russia will only enter into an alliance that shall be at all events tacitly consented to by England, and Prussia will back the English policy in this conjuncture with her fine army, backed by the 300,000 men of the troops of the confederation.

LAGER BEER.—Hunt's Merchant's Magazine says that thirty-eight substances are used in making Lager Beer. Among them are chalk, marble dust, opium, tobacco, hen bane, oil of vitrol, copperas, alum, strychnine, and other deadly drugs.

Captain Brown, the outlaw, has escaped from Kansas, and a party have gone in pursuit of him into Nebraska.

SEPARATING THE SEXES IN SCHOOL.—On this point, Mr. Stow, a celebrated Glasgow teacher, uses the following language:

The youth of both sexes of our Scottish pesantry, says Mr. Stow; have been educated together, and as a whole, the Scots are the most moral people on the face of the globe. Education in England is given separately, and we have never heard from practical men that any benefit has arisen from this arrangement. Some influential persons there mourn over the popular prejudice on this point. In Dublin, a larger number of girls turn out badly, who have been educated alone till they arrive at the age of maturity, than of those who have been otherwise brought up—the separation of the sexes has been found to be positively injurious. In France, the separation of the sexes in youth is productive of fearful evils. It is stated on best authority, that of those educated in the schools of convents, apart from boys, the great majority go wrong within a month after being let loose into society, and meeting the other sex. They can not, it is said, resist the slightest compliment or flattery. The separation is intended to keep them strictly moral, but this unnatural seclusion actually generates the very principles desired to be avoided.

We may repeat, that it is impossible to raise girls intellectually as high without boys as with them; and it is impossible to raise boys morally as high without the presence of girls. The girls morally elevate the boys, and the boys intellectually elevate the girls. But more than this, girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys, and boys are intellectually elevated by the presence of girls. Girls brought up with boys are more positively moral, and boys brought up in school with girls are more positively intellectual by the softening influences of the female character.

In the Normal Seminary at Glasgow, the most beneficial effects have resulted from the more natural course. Boys and girls, from the age of two and three years to fourteen and fifteen, have been trained in the same class-room, galleries, and play-grounds, without impropriety, and they are never separated except at needlework.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.—The Rev Daniel Waldo, late Chaplain to Congress says: "I am an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly, masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupations, smiling. Keep a good nature and soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative; repeat what you have read, talk about it. You, young men who are just leaving College, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talent the best and at the same time be honest."

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.—The following gentlemen have been chosen Anniversary Orators of their respective societies.

Washington Society, 22d of February, *Orator*—Thos. W. Mason; of Brunswick Co. Va. *Reader*—J. W. Jones, Louisa C. H., Va.

Columbia Society, 12th of April—*Orator*—John H. Jernigan, of Hertford Co., N. C. *Reader*—Mr.——Ferrill, of Va.

Jefferson Society, 12th April.—*Orator*—J. A. P. Shieffy, of Smyth Co., Va. *Reader* J. Holliday, of Richmond, Va.

J. Parker Jordan, Esq., by request of the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association, will deliver an address in the town of Hertford on the night of the 25th February—the proceeds to be applied to the purchase of the home and grave of Washington.

We learn from the Weldon Patriot that the Rev. Mr. Lowe, Rev. Mr. Pratt, Rev. Mr. Edwards, H. W. Miller and B. F. Moore Esqrs., have consented to deliver addresses before the Roanoke Literary Society.

ARRESTED.—Wm. F. Pearce, hailing from Raleigh, was arrested in Petersburg a day or two ago on suspicion of being a hotel thief. Numbers of articles were found on him, and likewise a trunk, he said was not his, but said he had been to New Kent county, Va, to see his relatives and on his return, stopping at the St. Charles Hotel in Richmond, where he met the owner of the trunk, who proposing to him that they should travel together, requested him to check the trunk through to Raleigh. The Mayor of Petersburg committed him to answer.

The Revenue bill has passed the Commons, and is now before the Senate. The general impression is that the two Houses will be able to get through with the public business and adjourn *sine die* by the 15th instant.

The newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a blessing to everybody.

THE PRESIDENT WOOING.—We copy the following from the Washington correspondence of the New York *Times:*

"There are abundant rumors afloat to the effect that the President is likely to lead to the hymenial altar an accomplished and estimable widow lady of Georgia.—Perhaps this accounts for the especial care and elegance of our bachelor President's dress. It is matter of frequent remark, that Mr. Buchanan, in his handsome brown frock coat, white vest and cravat, and patent-leather pumps, is one of the most elegantly dressed young men in the capital."

It is said that McCormick's celebrated patent for the improvement in Reaping Machines expired on the 31st of January. The invention is now public property.

The Cheraw Gazette announces that the necessary steps have been taken to secure the charter of the Cheraw and Coalfield Railroad Company. Stockholders to meet at Carthage on March 3d.

RISING IN THE WORLD.—John Livingston, Esq., the biographer of illustrious men and "Plutarch of Pretenders," was admitted, on Tuesday, in the U.S. Supreme Court. Wonder if he served the Judges with copies of his persuasive circulars?

Gen. Cass has received exceedingly unpleasant information in relation to the personal habits of our Minister to Central America. It is quite evident that the debilitating influences of the climate have betrayed him into the use of a much greater amount of stimulus than is creditable to himself or the country he represents.

The new "cigar shaped" iron steamer, built by Winans, of Baltimore, has been tested by a trip down the Chesapeake Bay, and made 12 knots an hour. The trial was in all respects successful.

The monument to Ethan Allen, at Burlington, Vt., is completed. It is forty feet high. A colossal statue of the Green Mountain Hero is yet to be placed on the summit.

The first load of Tobacco ever sold in Hillsboro,' N. C., was purchased by Messrs. Webb & Whitted, Tobacconists of that place, last week.

It is reported that two cargoes of slaves, from Africa, are off the coast of Georgia, endeavoring to effect a landing.

THE WRONG PLACE FOR A POPULAR OFFICER.—There are 722 convicts in the Ohio penitentiary—seventeen more than there are cells. This extraordinary large number the warden regards as an evidence of his popularity.

Mrs. Russell and James Hiltian were arrested in Chicago last week, for indulging in huggingand kissing in the street The woman being the aggressor, was fined $10, and the man $3.

Serious fears of a forthcoming famine in Mexico are entertained. For a year very little corn has been planted or gathered.

The race horse Shockoe, owned by Messrs. Hester and Dickenson, of Richmond, died near Charleston, S. C., last Monday

The profits of the Burns festival, in St. Louis, some $300, will be appropriated to the purchase of the bust of the poet for the Mercantile Library Hall.

In the Rhode Island Legislature notice has been given of an intention to introduce a bill abolishing imprisonment for debt.

The Governor of Michigan has vetoed the bill giving a woman 640 acres of land for adding four to the population at one time.

Gen. Walker, the filibuster, joined the Catholic church at Mobile, on the 31st ult.

A BELIEVER IN HOOPS.—It is stated that a firm in New York have made a profit of $100,000 by manufacturing steel hoops for ladies.

SPRING IN THE SOUTH.—At Augusta Geo., last week, peach and pear trees were in bloom.

A census of the population of Rome has just been completed, from which it appears that the total of the inhabitants is about 180,357—figure at about which the city has remained for the last 250 years.

A Cincinnati paper says Bennett wrote the "Angel's Smile" while looking in a mirror.

In Russia, the right of literary property belongs to the heirs of the author for twenty five years after his decease.

In the Prussian standing army of one hundred and twenty-six thousand men but two soldiers are unable to read; and of two million nine hundred thousand children between the ages of seven and fourteen at the last census, two million three hundred and twenty-eight thousand were actually attending the schools.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Feb. 12, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

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GEO. W. COTHRAN, R. G. STAPLES, STEPHEN F. MILLER, Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL, MATILDA C. SMILEY, FINLEY JOHNSON, LOTTIE LINWOOD, CLARA AUGUSTA, A. PERRY SPERRY, Mrs. DI VERNON, PAUL RIVINWOOD, Mdm. O. W. LaVERT, Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS, CHARLES F. W. DOBBS, H. A. DWIGHT, and others.

An Allegory.

How sudden—bright—beautiful, look—'tis gone. 'Twas a falling star.

We were observing that star, as in its place among its bright-eyed silent sisters, it shone with a light that had no peer. A star indeed, but such its beaming, it seemed a world full-orb'd; sublimely beautiful in the far-off vast fathomless space. A living light indeed that came out from the depths of God's limitless empire, clear and unbroken, through the untraveled, measureless deserts of the infinite, to lend its aid to mellow or break the darkness of the earth-night.

As we look'd, almost envious of its serene and quiet security, deeming no other than its position was eternal, a trembling like the shudder of a pain passed over it: its strong light paled sickly—for a moment it staggered in its place, then flashing in intensely vivid brightness, shot madly out, paling the heavens, as it rush'd like an errant leven brand of the Eternal, madly rushing—and yet falling—falling—and was lost in the darkness.

The firmament was at rest; and all the other stars shone meek and softly bright as ever. In the place where that lost star had been, it was empty and dark—darkness along the way of its terrible fall, and yet, all else was harmony, and no trace was left of what seemed the ruin of a world of light.

Hundreds saw its fall, yet how few cared for the ruin—who even felt sorrow for the new dark spot, or sighed over the quench'd torch of one galaxy of glory? With such as stopped a moment to remark it, there was little sympathy. Here, among them, were the traders of the world, jostled by the men of power and position. Here were men of thought, and men ('twas said) of prayer; and yet, among all the orders of that crowd that caught the glimpse-view of that fall, where was the sympathy that went out asking, would the light of that vanish'd orb be ever relumed?

And yet scornful pride pointed up at the darkness; and we heard the jeer of envy, the laugh of hate, the chuckle of jealousy and the shout of malice; at the terrible ruin. Some there were who wept and some who were silent and sad and trembled, and *these* prayed that God would lift it up from the darkness and set it again in its bright path of purity and usefulness; but *those* went on to the ordinary world bustle, to wear themselves away with ceaseless strivings with each other, and amid the hollow mockeries of heartless follies, to forget that the lost light had ever beam'd on them.

And there stood by us two strangely bright forms, not of earth, yet wearing mortal bodies. One was not of the race of men. His was a mould of form that never had been marred; there was no blight on the perfection of its beauty. The golden ringlets seemed just gilded in the sunbeam of brighter worlds, and a transparent purity pervaded even the human form he wore in earthly masquerade. And he looked on that crowd in scorn that seemed to waver between pity and loathing; not in arrogance or pride, but strange it seemed to him that beings born to immortality could sink so low beneath the aim and purity of purpose that belonged to any kindred of the skies. The *other* was of the earth-born, though now of the sons of God. There were tears in his pure eyes, for he could understand his race, he had been a man, and he knew how sordid, sinful, selfish, how depraved his heart. "Poor simple ones," said he, "thus ever judging without judgment; and they know not that the Star shines now brighter than before, in the vast space beyond their vision; that what they saw as ruin was but the preparation and the trial change, to a refined and better light, in a higher and a brighter sphere." "And yet," said the Angel-born, "it is strange even to us, why it should be made to pass to its sphere, through such a terrible darkness, such a fearful desolation." And both said—and it thrill'd our heart as we felt its truth—"There is nothing which will stand the test of all circumstances and trials but a *trust in God!*"

Books.

It was the remark of John Milton in his famous "Areopagitica" or a "Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing," "as good kill a man almost, as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." There is an idea contained in this passage well worth general and particular attention. A book is an emanation from the human mind, and that mind is immortal; it relates the passions, desires or instincts of some soul, and that soul is immortal. When we get a book therefore, we should be careful how to treat it, for it may tell upon some immortal destiny.

We all know how good books live. Thus is maintained the names of the great, and as long as literature, science and art are treated of or studied, that is, as long as human society is civilized, those names will be remembered. Who will dare say when the names of Homer and Milton and Shakspeare will be forgotten, when the writings of Bacon and Locke will become unknown, when the theologies of Calvin, Luther or Wesley will become extinct, or the theories of Newton and Watt remain unhonored? Were it not for the immortality of great books by great minds, wherein would consist the pleasure or profit of literature? Ah! there is a glory around the illustrious scholar, which it were vain for the warrior to seek; a glory more radiant, more lovely!

When we speak thus, it should be remembered, that we are following Milton in his declaration, and speak only of *good books*. And by good books, is meant, of course, not works of a religious nature, calculated to win him from the errors of his ways to the knowledge of God, only, although these must certainly be included, but also works of a scientific, literary or instructive nature. For what is a book? and for what purposes are they made? How can we discriminate between the evil and the good? And by what rule should we be regulated in this discrimination? The intended limits of this article will not permit to enter upon the discussion, whether novel-reading is injurious or beneficial; nor is it necessary to do so, for the definition can be for each one's own mind and conscience to determine A good book is one which will teach the reader something of importance, calculated to advance the mind in knowledge, to aid it in grasping knowledge, to benefit the soul's eternal welfare, to make for the interests, temporal though they be, of the body, and to improve the mind. These are the objects of a good book, and it is a good book that effects these objects. To some the answer may not seem broad enough, to others too broad, and it cannot but be acknowledged that it is hard to strike a "happy mean;" but it is believed that the above definition is the one that philosophers and sages after discussing the question for ages, have been compelled to decide upon.

It may be said that the definition would reject works of a purely literary nature; but it is not so. Who will affirm that they do not elevate the standard of taste, enlighten the mind, and brighten the intellect, by poetic conception? And that they do not contain information of a very interesting and instructive nature?

Let us beware then how we treat a good book. It is the "life-blood of a master-spirit," an emanation from immortality. A learned writer says of books: "They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you." How often has the story been heard of some forlorn and perhaps despised traveler, happening upon a tract, or leaf from some good book, it may be, the best of books; and that through this means has been converted unto God! It has a destiny, yes, indeed a noble destiny. The star sends forth from its throne of ebony a trembling ray. It may be intercepted by some passing cloud; but often its twinkling beam may afford to the lost mariner a knowledge of his situation, and give him hope of safety. And woe be to him who rejects the light of its beam, pale and undecided as it may be, for each subsequent ray may be intercepted and lost to him for ever!

While we speak of books, it may not be unnecessary or improper to mention the value of Milton's Prose works. They are written in a style which is too often termed heavy, but which it would be better to call with Macaulay, stiff. There is something grand about the good "old English" which he uses. The purity of the style, the elegance of the language, and the interest of the topics on which they are written, combine to make them among the most attractive books of their kind. We cannot close without quoting the words of Macaulay in his celebrated criticism or rather article entitled "Milton."

"It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should in our time be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect cloth of gold. The style is stiff, with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of his Paradise Lost has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works, in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping syraphomies."

True Temperance.

We do not mean a temperance restricted in its application to spirituous drink, but on the comprehensive scale laid down in the Holy Scriptures, in the injunction to be "Temperate in all things." While it is quite certain that those who begin in their teens to adhere to a rational temperance, may very safely calculate on reaching threescore years and ten, and even fourscore there is the hope which example and uncontroverted fact give, that even if health is lost at "forty-five," a wise temperance begun and continued from that age, promises the living in comfort and happiness, to double the number of years!

Lewis Cornaro, an Italian nobleman, gifted and rich, yielded to the depravities of his nature, and at the early age of forty-five, found himself a wreck in fortune, fame and health. The physicians whom he consulted, being familiar with his excesses and his reckless character, fortified in their opinion, by the evident fearful inroads which disease had made on him considered an attempt at restoration so hopeless, that they declined bending their minds to the preparation of a proper prescription, and to save themselves, as they supposed, a useless trouble, they informed him that he was beyond remedial means, and that the best thing he could do would be to reconcile his mind to the inevitable event, and make for it a Christan preparation.

He at once determined that as he had but a short time to live it should be a merry one, and was about casting himself into the maelstrom of a drunken vicious life, but by some unexplained circumstances, a freak possessed him, that at one effort he would cheat death and the doctors, by entering at once upon a life of the most heroic self-denial, and become in all respects a temperate man. So precise was he, that he weighed his food and measured his drink to the end of his life. He regained his health, regained his possessions, resumed his title and his social position, and became a happy-hearted Christian minded gentleman. His whole nature seemed to overflow with kindness to all his race, and on the twelfth of March, fifteen hundred and sixty-five, feeling that he was approaching the termination of his life, and reclining on his cot, the excellent old man exclaimed: "Full with joy and hope I resign myself to thee, most merciful God." He then disposed himself with serenity, and closing his eyes as if about to slumber, gave a gentle sigh, and expired at the age of "ninety-eight years."

THE PRINTING OFFICE.—"A well-conducted printing office is the best of schools. Go with me to the Executive and Legislative Departments of the Government, and I will point you, in each of them, to some of the most competent and useful public officers who started in life as printer's devil. Cross the ocean, and we shall find such men as Guizot, De Tocqueville and Lamartine of France and Lord Palmerston, D'Israeli and Macaulay of England, have all distinguished themselves as journalists. Let our young men especially look to these high examples, and rest satisfied with nothing short of positions in the front rank of society. This can be attained only by the most indomitable industry, perseverance and study, and by a strict regard to truth, honesty and virtue. Never for a moment think it disreputable to labor. Honest toil, however humble, never yet disgraced any man; but many, too many, we are sorry to say, suffer disgrace rather than work for a livelihood."

Japan letters say that the expedition of Mr. Reed to that country will cost, including the honorable gentleman's salary, $14,000 per year, at least one hundred thousand dollars.

REAL ESTATE IN NEW YORK.—Some idea of the rapid advance of real estate in New York may be formed from a circumstance mentioned in a letter to a Boston paper, "that in March, 1854, twelve vacant lots on the west side of Fifth avenue and on 75th and 76th streets, eight on Fifth avenue and four on 76th street, in one parcel of lots, each twenty-five by one hundred, sold for $20,000. On the 15th of last November the same sold for $65,000, and on the last day of the last year they sold for $80,000.

On New Year's Day, Mrs. Rogers, wife of Henry D. Rogers, of Tittabawassee, Saginaw county, Michigan, presented her husband with four living and healthy children, and the Legislature of that State is going to give her six hundred and forty acres of land. Better not or all the enterprising "women of the West" will be doing the same thing, perhaps going ahead of Mrs. Rogers, who is "some."

INFIDELS.—The Washington *States* of Saturday says:

The poor creatures who ignore the Almighty and adore Tom Paine, intend devoting to-morrow evening, Sabbath, to an exhibition of their folly; and, what is still more ludicrous, they design making a charge for the exhibition of their trash.

If the wretched betings who have placed their consciences at the feet of such scoundrels as Voltaire, to indulge still further in their nauseating nonsense, they ought to do so out of sight of decent society and not offend the ears of a Christian community with their ravings."

Just as an auctioneer in Hartford was saying "gone!" a few evenings since his audience went through the floor into the cellar, but happily without hurting one of them. The auctioneer, as soon as he found his legs, remarked that the accident would enable him to sell *lower* than before, and called for a "bid," and they "bid him good night." This will balance the case of shop *lifting* of the day before.

WANTED.—A thin man, who has been used to the business of collecting, to crawl through key holes, and find debtors who are never at home. SALARY—nothing the first year, to be doubled each year afterwards.

An old sailor, at the theatre, said he supposed that the dancing girls wore their dresses at half-mast as a mark of respect to departed modesty.

Men, like books, have at each end a blank leaf—childhood and old age.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Maid of the Purpling Lake.

BY ELONORA.

'Twas long ago when the summer sun,
Shone bright o'er land and sea;
That a pilgrim bark was borne along,
To the land of the blest and free.

And a nobleman with his wife, and child,
Went forth in the dismal wood;
And built a cot by the Purpling Lake,
In a glen where th' tall pines stood.

The black snake crawl'd on their cabin logs,
The wolf's howl was very near;
The bear and panther prowled around,
But they had no thought of fear:—

For contentment fill'd their noble hearts,
And their's was a trust in Him,—
Who guides the sick and sorrowing,
Along life's pathway dim.

But by and by the blood-red axe,
Of an Indian Chief was raised;
For his only son had fallen dead,
Where a white man's campfire blaz'd.

And the forest chieftain vowed fore'er
To be the white man's foe;
And to murder all within the land,
As far as his tribe would go.

Then unknell'd full many a proud man fell,
Near the shores of the Purpling Lake,—
And the Summer sun burnt the death-pale brow,
Of the beautious maid of State.

For anger dwelt in the savage heart,
Of the ever busy foe;—
And naught could save the pure and young,
Or the battle-axe stroke forego.

And at even hour the warring band,
Came up to the cabin door;
Where the nobleman, with his wife and child
Went to dwell in days of yore.

The child who had grown to be a maiden fair
'Mid the sweets of forest bowers,—
Knowing naught of Earth's cold proud and hate
No more than the forest flowers;—

Approach'd the proud and angry chief,
With a sweet, and winning smile,
And ask'd if he'd come with an angry heart,
And to burn a funeral pile.

He answered yes—and raised his axe
Above the young girl's head,—
But nerveless and still his strong arm fell
As if he himself were dead.

For the melting light in those young eyes
Had worked with magic power,
And clasping the hand of the blue ey'd maid
He call'd her forest flower:—

For he thought her a beautious visitant
From the far off spirit land,
And bade her never fear his power
Nor the might of his hostile band.

Still the war-hoop rung with fearful sound
From the dismal forest shade;
And full many a pale face wet in blood
Lay dead in the silent glade.

But all within that humble home,
Were free from the red-man's hate;
For the chieftain lov'd the blue eyed maid,
Of the cot by the Purpling Lake.

G. F. Institute, Penn's Store, Va.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

My Natal Day.

BY ROLAND.

And can, Oh! can it really be,
That twenty years of youthful life,
With all their scenes of joy and strife,
Lie burried deep 'neath Time's dark sea?
And will they rise again no more,
From 'neath its black and gloomy wave,
To bring the joys that once they gave,
Or rack my heart with piercing woe?

Ah, yes; alas! 'tis even so;
And as they sank a voice most clear,
Which caus'd my soul to quail with fear,
Rang sadly out: "Thus *thou* shalt go!
'Tis thus, O! man, thou'lt surely sink,
When Life's tempest'ous voy'ge is o'er;
Thy bark shall plunge to rise no more,
And snap'd be ev'ry earthly link!"

But, oh! thank heaven, 'tis only thus
With this frail bark of earthly freight;
My *soul* shall mount, nor feel its weight,
If firm in God be fix'd its trust
These scenes to me may swiftly fade,
And Time may silver o'er my head;
This frame may soon lie cold and dead,
But not this *soul* which God has made!

Youth's years have swiftly pass'd away,
But why should I linger o'er their scenes,
Or fondly sigh for my youthful dreams—
Those dreams of Fortune's brighter day?
For o'er them hangs full many a cloud;
And though its joys my youth has known,
And in its path bright flow'rs have grown,
O'er much there hangs pale sorrow's shroud!

Yet, far away, there is a land
Where youth's-day knows no setting sun;
Where joy flows on as when begun,
In swelling streams at God's right hand?
Press on, my soul, nor mourn the flight
Of youth, with all the joys it gave;—
Dread not the dark, advancing grave—
It opes to life—to Heav'ns pure light?

Newbern, N. C. Nov. 23, 1858.

CELLARS.—There ought to be no cellar in any family dwelling. The house should be one or two feet above the ground with a trench around it a foot deep, so that the surface of the earth immediately under the floor should be always kept dry to the depth of several inches, and there should be open spaces in the "under pining," so as to allow a free circulation of air at all times.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A Dream

Inscribed to G.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

Yes, sad and weary to-day I am,
For oh! my dream last night,
Has settled shade upon my heart,
And the tears fall while I write;
I thought thou hadst forsaken me
Another was by thy side,
I looked upon her dress, and lo!
'Twas that of a new made bride.

Her bright bright eyes looked in mine own
I thought I knew her face,
And she spoke in a low peculiar tone,
Yet occupied *my* place;
She lent upon thy arm beloved,
In a strange confiding way,
And encircling her arms about thy neck,
She'd plead with thee *to stay*.

Your saddened gaze was turned on *me*,
And you spoke with a heavy sigh,
For your heart was musing on the past,
Of the days so long gone by!
I know not why this maiden fair,
Was made your happy bride;
But I was left alone beloved,
Perishing at thy side!

I approached thee, and my gaze was on
Thy cold, and pale, pale face;
Thou said'st that then, oh! then thou wert
The unhappiest of thy race!
"And must I give thee up!" I cried,
"Why, why, this cruel blow,
O, God! my heart approaches death,
My fate is endless woe!"

I knelt love at thy feet, I felt
The life-blood ebbing fast,
Once more I spoke a farewell love,
Love-toned: it was the last!
How dark, how chill, how cold, and void,
The world, and all did seem,
But then an angel passing by,
Exclaimed, awake! you dream!

Oak Glen, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

CARRIE CRAWFORD,

—OR THE—

Reverse of Fortune Reversed.

BY MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

IT was a lovely evening in June. A refreshing shower had just fallen, watering the dry and parched earth. The bright sunshine was now appearing to view giving the roses a deeper tint. The breezes were wafting their grateful perfume over the hill and the valley. At this time, in an overhanging bower sat a girl of surpassing beauty—whose silken tresses flowed down her neck of polished ivory. In her hand she held a book of poems, tracing in the sweet strains of their melody the feelings of her own heart. Carrie Crawford loved, but fancied that her love was not requited. The occurrence of an accident led her to conclude otherwise—an accident which she could not have foreseen and which she had no reason to conjecture might ever transpire.

And yet her lover was not an appropriate Counterpart to herself; at least not such in the view of the World! Carrie was the daughter of a man of wealth and influence and consequently held a prominent place in society. Colonel Crawford was the envy of many of his neighbors; they being of an humbler order in society over whom he held an almost arbitrary sway! His own family even he ruled in a despotic manner. To him too, it was a matter of no concern whether a person was wise or unwise—an honest man or knave;—provided only that he was wealthy and of a high order in Society.

Charles Livingston, therefore, did not secure his notice, for he did not regard him, as being worthy of notice. The virtues he possessed, more or less, were of no value in his estimation. He did not regard qualities, either intellectual or moral, as having any claim to rank and elevation in society. To such a suitor therefore Col. Crawford instantly said "no"—and ordered him to leave his house forthwith to return no more!

He had, also, severely reproved his daughter for indulging the thought a moment, that this young man was worthy of her love; or that he himself could condescend to receive him into his family connection. Hence she was ordered to banish all thoughts of Livingston from her mind. This command she found herself, little inclined to obey, and regarded it as one that did not require filial obedience.

The book which she had held in her hand during the time of her meditations, was closed and its contents allowed to remain without effect upon her mind.

Her thoughts were on Charles Livingston; on him, who to render himself worthy of her, had made every exertion to rise in the world and secure a proud eminence there! She recalled to mind, also, the many trials, which he had encountered to accomplish his purpose, and as she did so, her heart sunk within her. As she thus sat in contemplative mood, her eye rested on the wide expanse before her. On a crag that projected from the top of a distant mountain, she saw sitting an eaglet,—that seemed to be pluming his pinions for a lofty flight.—Having risen and fallen again and again, sometimes alighting here, and sometimes there, for a moment—at last he rested on a rock beneath him as if giving over his intended ascent into the sky above.—As Carrie watched the movements of the noble bird, she brought before her vision her fondly admiring yet unsuccessful suitor. She saw him thus struggling with the trials of life and thus succumbing to their fatal inefficiency. At last still gazing at the striving bird, she saw him rise and gain his aerial height and disappear from view. "So," said she, "thou too shalt rise, thou ambitious youth! Fortune shall smile on thee at length and elevate thee above all thy Compeers;—or at least, place thee on an equal elevation with them. Yes thou shalt not always be depressed—and though now unnoticed the world shall yet envy thee!"

Entertaining these thoughts Carrie left her bower for her father's house, and as she entered a darkened vale, just before her stood Livingston, having come to bid her a last adieu, for years to come. For now with a determined purpose to overcome every obstacle, he had resolved to go to the far West and secure to himself a good name, and withal a great fortune if possible!

On reaching home, Carrie found assembled at her father's bidding a collection of gentlemen, whom she was expected to entertain. Amongst these gentlemen was a stranger, whom her father had taken to his house from the city of Louisville whose name was Belmont. He was some fifty years of age, though his general appearance indicated a man of a less number. He would have been handsome had not a certain disagreeable expression of the countenance at times rendered him forbidding. To Carrie, who was expected by her father to admire, and entertain him—he was only repulsive. Col. Crawford represented him to be a planter from the West Indies. His manners indicated, that he had seen much good society, and was conversant with the world. Of course, as it was his design to secure the good opinion of Miss Crawford, he exhibited to her much regard and even at times was profuse in his compliments. This pleased the father. She despised the compliments and the source from which they came!

After this occasion from time to time, the gentleman repeated his visits, and though with no better success, yet as he was encouraged by her father, with a determination to persevere. Col. Crawford had his eye on his daughter all this time, and noticing, that she treated Mr. Belmont coolly—he said to her:

"My daughter, why do you treat the gentleman with so much aversion? Surely he does not deserve this treatment from you. He is always polite and respectful when in your company, and tries in every appropriate way, to ingratiate himself with you. Nor do I feel satisfied with the manner in which you receive his visits."

"My dear father" said she "I cannot look upon Mr. Belmont in any other light than as a stranger;—nor upon myself as otherwise than estranged from him!"

"My child, he is a most worthy man;—very rich and of high standing in society."

"Possibly, he is so—but I imagine that you do not know him—he is a stranger to you as well as to me. You may think, indeed, that you know him—but I think that you do not. He is in my view, an imposter—and time too will show it.

"My daughter—he has the best recommendations."

"Have you seen them, my father?"

"Why, yes."

"Did you notice whether they were not all written by the same hand?"

"Daughter, who has put such a notion into your head?—I am surprised at you."

"O! this is sometimes done by strangers;—Why may not a stranger thus impose on you?"

"Impossible! impossible!—I can read human character better than that my child."

"The most confident are the most easily deceived."

"Carrie, do you call in question your father's judgment?"

"Great men, sometimes, err;—and especially in regard to human character."

"O! Mr. Belmont is all that he represents himself to be—and even more!"

"Yes *more*, father;—and *less* too, I presume; More in the *wrong* way and less in the *right*."

"Did you ever call your father's judgment in question before?"

"I never had the same occasion to do it, Sir."

"Well, my daughter, I certainly hope; that you will hereafter treat Mr. Belmont with more civility than you have hitherto done."

"I could not treat him, otherwise than in accordance with my feelings."

"You could not?—I think that you could consult *mine*;—and, indeed, I shall *expect* you to do so."

"I could not be a hypocrite, Sir!"

This closed the conversation. Carrie hung her head in silence. She felt convinced that sooner or later, her father would make the discovery, which she surmised, in regard to the character of Belmont. Why, indeed, she came to the conclusion, that he was not what he professed to be she could hardly tell, but something in his looks and conduct indicated to her eye that he was practicing deception on her father.

Belmont still prosecuted his designs—intending, if possible, to secure Carrie's hand. Twice she had now positively declined his overtures, and remained the

THE PLEDGE OF FIDELITY.

same as when at first solicited by him.—He still adhered to his determination, knowing that her father's will was law, and that he should at last meet with success. Thus, at least, he inferred,—for hitherto Carrie, as her father had informed him, had never dared disobey him. Thus Colonel Crawford and Belmont acted conjointly, having in view the same object in regard to Carrie—the former viewing Belmont as very rich and as a very prominent member of society, and the latter aiming to get the daughter's hand *because her father was wealthy!*

Belmont now suggested, probably with some ulterior design in view, that Colonel Crawford should dispose of his property in the country, and remove to the city of P. This Colonel Crawford did, for he was ready to do anything at the instance of Belmont—so much confidence had he in him as a man of honor and probity.

Colonel Crawford and Belmont now entered into a mercantile arrangement, the former to be the silent and the latter the active partner. Colonel Crawford was entirely unacquainted with the business, and consequently left it to the management of Belmont, hence the money fell into the hands of Belmont, and of this he disposed either for the benefit of the establishment, or otherwise, as he thought proper. Everything seemed to go on flourishingly for a time. The Colonel lived in a splendid mansion, and was regarded as a prince among the merchants. At his house visited the elite of society. Gaiety and fashion characterized the visitors—elegance and show marked the interior and exterior of his residence, and to such a degree that the people generally were amazed at its magnificence—the vulgar stared at it. In the constant influx of company were seen the honorable and the renowned—the rich and the noble—the very ton of the city. Thus Colonel Crawford lived in style and "fared sumptuously every day," congratulating himself in having found so distinguished a partner as Belmont! Hence, too, he desired only one thing, the alliance of his daughter with Belmont. This also was still the eager aim of Belmont. He was at the Colonel's mansion every day, and therefore exhibited his importance in accordance with the flourishing condition of the mercantile establishment under his charge.

Under existing circumstances the question might naturally arise "Did Carrie forget her former associates? Did she overlook her earlier friends? and especially did she evercast out of mind Charles Livingston?" To these enquiries the answer would be emphatically no—amid all this fashion and gaiety she was still the same—the same to all that had ever known her either in town or country—nor did Belmont succeed by all his arts and artifice to expel the remote Livingston from her heart. Indeed she thought of him only the more. What was his success in that remote region? what his condition there. This she knew not—she had never heard from him. He might have written, if so, his letters had not come to hand. He might have written, and his letters been intercepted. Surely this both her father and Belmont would not hesitate to do.

Indeed if the thing had been feasible, Belmont would have caused his name to be reported amongst the dead! For thus, he might if possible succeed in his solicitations for Carrie's hand. Sometimes Belmont took up the Western Papers, and looked over the long list of the *deceased* as there reported, with the faint hope of discerning the name of *Livingston* amongst them, for he strongly suspected, that *he* was the cause of Carrie's coldness towards himself. Her father had frequently thrown out intimations of this sort; always expressing himself with indignation at this possibility. Belmont also made great pretensions in regard to the amount of property, which he now possessed; his resources having been increased not by the mercantile establishment under his charge merely—but, as he said, by an estate left to him in the West Indies. This to Carrie was productive of no effect. She remained as cold-hearted still; indeed she now treated Belmont with neglect bordering on contempt.

This contempt her father had not witnessed, and as Belmont had said nothing to him about it, he had begun to indulge some hope that Carrie was looking on Belmont with more regard. In fact he did not see how it was possible that such a display of wealth—such an exhibition of prosperity—such a glow of the gems of fortune could fail to affect her mind and captivate her heart. He knew little of love himself, indeed he had not married, prompted by this motive, but had sought his wealth principally in matrimonial relation, and therefore supposed that others, especially his daughter, who had always known the value of wealth and saw it now more than ever in its display—in its fashion—in its gentility,—would see in it everything desirable, and thereby be induced to give her hand to one who so abundantly posseseed it. Belmont also was artful and persuasive—admired by many other ladies and worthy of the highest favor from them. "Why then," said Colonel Crawford to himself, "why can she not accept of Belmont? What can prompt her to decline so good an offer? Indeed she cannot do it—she must not—she must marry him!"

Colonel Crawford had accordingly made all the requisite preparations for her marriage to Belmont. To him he had not yet communicated his plan, nor to Carrie directly, but his own mind was decided about it, and Belmont's readiness to accede to his arrangement he did not for a moment question, for this Belmont had always professed to desire and indeed at this had for some two or three years aimed. Nor did he doubt that Carrie would disobey him when he came to the point of requiring absolute obedience. He had all the time hoped that Carrie would be persuaded—would yield to Belmont's solicitations, and that there would be no necessity for compulsion in the case. But after all this long indulgence of hope—sometimes connected with threatening—Carrie seemed to him whenever he most pressed the matter (as he now did) most opposed to it. What should he do therefore to bring his determination to a final result? First he must inform Belmont of his determination in the case—and thus secure his more effective co-operation. He, too, must arouse in the matter—he must press his suit more urgently—he must carry the citadel by storm! Yes, he must conquer Carrie—he must plead, like a lawyer for his cause, for her hand!

During all this period of two years young Livingston had been writing from time to time to Carrie, but had not heard from her and could not conjecture the reason. "Might she not have changed her mind in regerd to him? How many inducements she must have had to do this, Her father's desire—wealth—rank in society—gaiety—fashion—display—indeed, many other things possible, which he could not imagine. Why indeed should she not change her mind? What hope could she have he would ever rise in the world to such an elevation as to be worthy of her? She might have loved him when he left her—was it probable that she retained that love? Was it possible in fact? And if she had, why did she not write in reply to his letters? There was a possibility that his letters had never fallen into her hands for her father was a man who would intercept any of his letters without a scruple. This idea furnished him some slight degree of hope that he was not absolutely forgotten by her and that he might continue to write with the expectation of getting a reply. Accordingly he enclosed a letter to her in one addressed to an acquaintance of hers, who he was sure would convey it to her if it should fall into her hands. He therefore directed a letter to this friend of Carrie, requesting her to deliver an enclosed one for her. This friend was Emilie Osborne—a sister of one of the clerks in Col. Crawford & Belmont's joint establishment. This letter announced that Livingston had often written and was surprised that he received no answer; that he imagined it possible that his letters had never fallen into the hands of Carrie, and that the reason was, as he supposed, that they had been intercepted.

As Emilie handed the letter to Carrie she exclaimed "a letter, Carrie, from the west!"

"Ah, a letter from whom?"

"Read and see!"

"O," she exclaimed, "from Charles Livingston!"

Its contents were as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

"*My Dear Carrie:*—Again and again have I written to you, and yet not a word have I received in reply. What can be the reason? Have you forgotten me? Have you cast me off? Am I then alone in the world? yes *alone*—for without you I feel that life is a desert and that I am traversing the desert alone!

I would write more but wait a reply.

Affectionately Yours, C. L."

Carrie folded the letter up and said nothing till she reached her home, for she was at the time of receiving this letter at Emilie's home.

On reaching her father's house she retired to her chamber to reflect on the course which she must take. Her father had made up his mind that she should marry Belmont whether or no! This was a decided point! "The young lady," he said, "was not so competent to choose a husband for herself as he was for her, and the very fact that she did not like to marry Belmont proved this! for what person could be more acceptable than he? He had everything to commend him and recommend him; he had wealth, fortune and rank in society; he had every quality and qualification to constitute a good husband; he would make, moreover, a good son-in-law—why then should his daughter object? She could not object *reasonably*—she should not *at all!* She should marry him. If she now felt opposed to him, time and circumstances would reconcile her. If she did'nt love Belmont, she would when she knew him better, and when necessity had done away with her prejudices. It was, he said, a ridiculous idea that a young lady should allow her fancy to govern her—she ought to govern *that*. There was reason in all things—in matrimony as well as in other affairs of life, and any young lady that didn't see that there was any virtue in wealth and elevation in society, ought to have some one else to see for her! Why she needed a *matrimonial guardian*, and he would assume that office for her. Who could do it so well—who *would* do it so well as a father—and a father like himself, so kind, so affectionate, so much interested in his daughter's welfare! A curious idea, indeed, she must have to think that that poor young pettifogger Charles Livingston is worthy of her hand; a young man well enough it was true in his own sphere, but one by no means fit for her, since he had neither riches, rank nor fame! Talent, indeed, he might have—*professional* talent, but what would that avail him for years to come? Must his daughter marry a pauper because he was a genius? What was learning to wealth?—a name at the bar to a name handed down from a distinguished ancestry?" "O! foolish Carrie," he cried to himself, "why do you not consult your own interest—your own welfare—your own elevation in life?"

Thus Colonel Crawford argued with himself, and coming to the conclusion that he should be justified in carrying matters to an extremity, he directed Carrie to make herself ready for the marriage.

"Indeed, I cannot," said she, "what, marry a man that I despise!"

"Despise! despise whom?"

"Belmont—isn't he the man you wish to be my husband?"

"Of course he is."

"My father, I cannot marry him."

"Daughter, you *can*, and that is'nt all."

"And what is all?"

"You *must*, and now get your *bridals* ready, for the marriage is to take place as soon as you are prepared for it."

"Shall I go to the store to get the requisite articles!"

"Yes, and select the dress most suited to your fancy."

"That will be a *mourning* dress."

"Indeed, it will! Carrie, I was not aware that I had such a daughter!"

"Nor I that I such a father!"

"Well, *now* you know it and you must comply with his wishes. Have I nurtured and educated you—have I supplied you with every comfort and enjoyment in life, and is this the return I am to receive for it."

"I will go to the store, sir."

"Go, and select what is most appropriate."

Carrie did so, and yet with a heavy heart—not so much with the intention of complying with her father's wish that she should marry Belmont, as to avoid any further contention with him for the time being." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year		$ 2.00
6 Copies	"	10.00
10 "	"	15.00
50 "	"	(to one address,) 50.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

Mr. Miller's Lecture.

We are informed by the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association of Greensboro, that Henry W. Miller, Esq., of Raleigh, has consented to deliver his Mount Vernon Lecture in this place, on the 4th March, for the benefit of the Association. An advertisement will be handed in for next week's paper.

The purchase of Mount Vernon, by the ladies of the United States, is one of those graceful acts of female gratitude which should render the mothers and daughters of America still more lovely and lovable in the eyes of their sons and fathers. Here is a spot to which the eyes of every patriot instinctively turn and which is visited by millions of our countrymen and foreigners, with reverent affection, as the home and grave of the best type of a man that the world has ever furnished. All acknowledge the sacredness and holiness of the place. All are impressed with a feeling of awe on approaching the resting-place of the Father of his Country. There are none so callous to the feelings of gratitude that they do not render a profound homage to the sacred scenery of this patriot's shrine, in which is fully realized those familiar but most beautiful lines of Collins:

"There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the earth that wraps his clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping Hermit there."

Yet the male descendants of the revolutionary stock have not exhibited that careful and assiduous practical regard for the memory of WASHINGTON, that has signalized the names of the Mount Vernon Association of ladies and their co-laborers. They visit the tomb and mansion house of the great *pater patriæ*, walk over the grounds, perchance desecrate them by an act of vandalism, feel solemn and patriotic while there, and straightway go out into the world, immerse themselves in its cares and business and merely treasure up their memorable visit, *as a reminiscence*. The ladies, (God bless them!) have gone to work *in earnest* to secure this shrine of every patriot—this holy ground of our Federal Union—as consecrated soil, and with their characteristic perseverance, they are sure to succeed and thus to furnish, for our country and countrymen, one moral and patriotic breathing place where all parties, all sections, all sects and all sexes can unite in one common pulsation of national affection and gratitude to the first and greatest of all the patriots and heroes that render lustre to our history as a great, free and patriotic people.

NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION:—We have unintentionally neglected to notice the January number. We have examined from ten to twenty similar Journals printed in the different States of the Union, and we do not believe there is among them a superior one to the North Carolina Journal of Education. The friends of Education in all the States, and especially in N. Carolina, would do well to read the Journal and spread its circulation among the teachers and parents. Terms $2 a single copy, or five copies for five dollars. J. D. Campbell, Resident Editor, Greensboro, N, C.

LOTTERIES—Our friends and those who are not our friends, will please take notice, we publish no lottery advertisement and it is unnecessary to continue to send us *offers* "at any price."

Mr. Spurgeon—His Sermons.

Perhaps no divine, and certainly none so young, has occupied so much of the public mind within the past year or two on both sides of the Atlantic, as has Mr. Spurgeon, a Baptist minister of London. For some time past he has been expected on a visit to the United States, and our readers will no doubt be interested in the following by one who heard him preach and visited him at home. It is from the Foreign correspondence of the North Carolina Presbyterian:

Since my arrival in London I have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Spurgeon twice, and have also had the privilege of a private interview with him. I first heard him in Music Hall, in Surry Garden, on which occasion the congregation probably numbered nine thousand, and though the services lasted about an hour and a half, I saw not a single individual leave the house until they closed, though there were probably two thousand or more standing during the whole time. Every eye seemed to be fixed upon the speaker, and the vast congregation seemed fully to realize that they had met for a holy purpose.

The sermon was not what would generally be called eloquent. It was not very logical, nor did it abound in figurative language; and there was nothing like vehemence in its delivery. But I have rarely heard a more impressive discourse. It contained the very marrow of the Gospel, conveyed in language that a child could perfectly comprehend, and what seemed to me of the most importance, the speaker seemed determined that his hearers should understand that he was addressing them individually. There is a point of manner and a quiet earnestness in his delivery, combined with some originality of expression, which arrests and holds the attention of every hearer. In his prayers one cannot but feel that he is addressing a present God. His tone is subdued and conversational, as if addressing the Holy One, face to face, yet full of lowly reverence and deep humility.

In the first sermon I heard from him, there was nothing to create a smile; but in the second, which was preached to his own people, a large portion of whom are of the lower classes, there were some expressions which would be distasteful to a more cultivated audience. For instance, speaking of Christians becoming vain, he remarked that a number of his people had manifested a good deal of solicitude on his account, and had assured him that they prayed that the attention he received would not make him vain, though they were, at the same time, so stiff that they could not bend their knees without taking out their back bones.

I could not but feel thankful after hearing him that God had raised up such a man. For three years he has continued to collect a larger congregation than, perhaps, could be drawn together by any one individual in the world; and yet it is generally conceded that he is not a man of very extraordinary ability. Hundreds of preachers of the Gospel have equal powers, and yet no one can draw such a congregation from every class of society. Is there not much reason to fear that too much attention is given to the preparation of pulpit essays, that too great effort is made to preach fine sermons, elaborate discourses, and that there is much too little of simple clear and straight-forward Gospel teaching?

I felt after hearing Mr. Spurgeon as perhaps many others have felt. What is to hinder hundreds of clergymen from preaching as great sermons as he? Let them lay aside their manuscripts, and use as he does, the simplest Anglo-Saxon words, and deliver them in the same earnest and pointed manner, and I doubt not they will produce something of the same impression.

A PRIVATE INTERVIEW.

I was very much pleased with what I saw of Mr. S. in private. I was particularly impressed by his simple-hearted earnest piety, and much gratified to find him disposed to acknowledge that there was much zeal among other bodies of Christians than his own, especially in the Established Church, of which I had been inclined to think he had a low opinion. He told me that most of his sermons were prepared in fifteen minutes, and that he rarely ever spends as much as an hour on one discourse. He says he makes great use of the old divines, and can sometimes make a half dozen sermons out of as many of their pages.

He has a very agreeable manner in the social circle and a bright boyish face, and seems to be blessed with a splendid physical constitution. Ordinarily he feels strong enough to preach thirteen sermons a week, one of which is always published, being taken down at the time it is preached by a stenographer. He seems anxious to make a visit to America, but is unwilling to leave London till his large new church is erected. Some evenings since he had a tea-drinking in his chapel, on which occasion about four thousand dollars were subscribed for the new building.

Robert P. Waring, of Charlotte, N. C. has been appointed consul to St. Thomas.

A POINT FOR THE LADIES:—The assertion has been made by an old bachelor, that considering the trouble and expense of a wife, he could not conceive how a man would be so unreasonable as to voluntarily put himself into such a difficulty. But on the other hand, he thought a lady was driving a safe bargain to take up with the first good offer presented.

Now ladies we do not state the above as *our* sentiment. We heard the assertion made, and we believe you are able to defend yourselves. Hence we simply state the case and content ourselves. We may remark, however, this said bachelor is worthy of *conversion*.

☞ Merchants going North for Spring Goods, might buy to advantage by stopping over at Baltimore. See our advertising.

FRANK LESLIE AGAIN:—That is, Frank Leslie has started another paper, *for fun*. "The Stars and Stripes" is its name and if you would see a copy, send to Frank Leslie, 13 Frankford st., New York.

Private Corner.

BEATRICE—We thank you for your letter and poem. We should be pleased to receive the MS to which you refer for examination..... ..S—The first number of "Record Memories" is received. We are pleased with the idea and execution; and that you propose furnishing a paper weekly.....PAUL RIVINWOOD—Your skating carnival is to hand, and we will find room for it next week with pleasure, presenting our readers with a vivid picture of New England sport.....E and some others to hand, but we have not time just on going to press to examine farther.

DIED,

Very suddenly at his residence in Guilford county, N. C., on the 3rd of Feb., 1859, of Colic, Mr. ASA LEDNUM, aged, about 65 years. The deceased leaves a wife and two children to mourn their untimely loss. The deceased has been a member of the Methodist Protestant Church about twenty-five years, and during which time has lived an exemplary and christian life, and leaves behind bright evidence for heaven.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

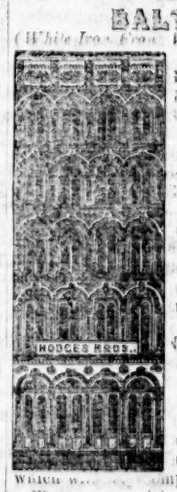
	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 8.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	15.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	25.00	36.00
One column	15.00	50.00	60.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum,.....$5.00

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6-1y

A VIRGINIA LADY is desirous of obtaining a situation in some College or High School, as principal or an assistant teacher in the Department of Music. She has had unlimited opportunities, and flatters herself that she can give entire satisfaction.
If wanted can also instruct in Wax Fruit, Grecian and Oriental Painting. Address,
Miss ALPHA BETA,
Horse Pasture, Henry Co., Va.
Feb. 1859. 6-tf.

HODGES BROTHERS,
23 Hanover Street,
BALTIMORE.
(White Iron Front Warehouse.)



Importers of Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Crapes, Laces, and numerous variety of other articles, and wholesale dealers in American Fancy Goods and Notions.
Our warehouse, which we built expressly for our own use, contains six floors, each 50 by 160 feet, and the large stock and extensive assortment which we keep, require its entire occupancy. No house in any of the Northern Cities, jobbing goods to the country, can present the same combined advantages to the country merchant, as our stock is not only large, but obtained upon conditions which will compete.
We contract with the Manufacturers for all the American articles we sell, and send a buyer to Europe regularly twice a year, to select our Foreign goods. We are enabled thereby to offer great advantages in prices, as well as to get up a stock at all times replete with the newest and most desirable goods.
Merchants in good credit are invited to examine our stock when they next visit Baltimore, and they will promote their own interest by doing so.
Orders by mail carefully executed when accompanied by satisfactory references.
Feb. 1859. 6-3m

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Feb. 9.
Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 22 @25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@0 Meal 80@00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18¾, crushed 16¾, clarified 14; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, Jan. 31st.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family	$7.25	*Flaxseed*,...	1.35a1.40
Extra.....	6.75	*Beeswax*,.....	28
Superfine..	6a6 25	*Dried Apples*, ₩ bu. of 28lbs...	2.00
Corn, Mixed & W.	73a74	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₩ bu.....5.50a5 75	
Yellow.....	77	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	8a8½
Wheat, White	1.20	do. Sides	10
Red.....	1.10	N. C. & Va. Hog round,	11
Cotton,.....	11¼a11¾	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	30a31
Peas, Black Eye	1.30	W.O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	70a80	do hhd	40
Lard, N.C. & V. no.1	12	do bbl.	28a30
do do 2...	11		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

Professional Cards.

ARCHITECTURE.
WM. PERCIVAL, Architect, Offices Smiths' Brick Building, Raleigh, N. C. and Godden's, Hall, Richmond, Va., Will supply *designs, working, drawings, specifications* and *superintendance* for all kinds of *public* and private buildings and houses of workship.
With an *educational training* for his profession and a Practical Experience on public and private, works for more than 16 years, he hopes to give satisfaction. He respectfully refers to those by whom he is Professionally engaged in this State.
The Building Committee on the Chapel Hill University Improvements. The Building Committee of the Raleigh New Babtist Church. R. S. Tucker, Esq., W. M. Boylan, Raleigh. W. S. Battle, Esq., Rockey, Mt., Edgecombe County.
N. B. A large variety of original designs for churches, villas &c., can be seen at his Offices. 133-6m.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-tf.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-1y.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

TO LAWYERS.
A YOUNG NEW YORK Lawyer, would like to make arrangements with some respectable lawyer, or law firm, in Greensboro or any other town in North Carolina, to enter upon the duties of the profession. Would accept a situation as managing clerk, or any other, appertaining to his profession. Can give good references as to capability &c.
Address, C. G. DUNN,
New York City.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

MANTUA-MAKING.
MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.
Jan. 15, 1858. 105.1y

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker*, West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st, 1858. 134—tf.

LOOK AT THIS.
R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.
Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39-1y.

Read Prospectus of Journal Education.

PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.
The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education
It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.
Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum
Additional copies at the same rate.
Single copy.....$2.00
All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.
Journal and Times,.....$3
The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year: The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.
☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

ESTABLISHED IN 1798,
A. MORRIS, *Richmond, Va.*, Publisher, and Wholesale Dealer in Books, Paper, Stationery, Piano Fortes, Melodions Music and Musical Merchandise, begs to invite the attention of country dealers, to his stock of *Books, Stationery and Pianos*, embracing the largest and most general assortment to be found in any one establishment South of New York, and will be sold upon terms as liberal and accommodating.
A. M. publishes many of the *Standard Virginia Law Books*, and can furnish the legal profession with all Standard Law Books, including the Virginia and New York State Reports, at the *Publisher's Lowest Prices*. School Teachers and the Trade supplied at a liberal discount.
Books and Music sent by mail.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention. (4:2m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Oranage; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

OXFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.
The sixteenth Session will open on the first Monday in January and close with the annual Commencement on the last Thursday in May.
The School relies entirely on its own merits for patronage. In order that it may merit patronage, the number of students is so limited as to secure,
1st. The greatest thoroughness and efficiency in every department of instruction.
2d. The most judicious discipline enforced with affectionate firmness.
3d. The most comfortable and home like accommodations procured at the smallest expense.
For admission apply to J. H. MILLS,
154—6t. Oxford, N. C.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**
☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115-tf.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.
Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.
And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.
☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD Most respectfully call the attention of the public to their large and attractive supply of **FALL** and **WINTER GOODS**, consisting in part of **Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing &c.** Their stock was selected with great care, and not having very expensive families to support, they flatter themselves that they can sell at such prices as will insure satisfaction to those who may extend to them their patronage.
October 25, '58. COLE & AMIS.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

GEOLOGICAL COLLECTION.—Dr. E. H. Andrews, of this town, has one of the best Mineralogical Cabinets to be found in this State, or probably anywhere in the Southern States. This fact may not be generally known although several scientific gentlemen have been aware of it for some time. All who have seen the doctors collection pronounce it a superior one, and estimate its value at from five to ten thousand dollars. The specimens collected in this State are large and varied. The specimens of gold ore are said to be worth $500. Among the stones there is an Opal, worth $150, and other precious stones of considerable value. In addition to the collection of North Carolina Minerals, there are specimens from Europe in great variety.

If the State wants a really fine Cabinet of Minerals, (productions of North Carolina,) this one might be purchased at a reasonable price, and kept in the Capitol as evidence of her resources, without further expenditure upon Prof. Emmons.—*Char. Dem.*

A HOME INVENTION.—We have been shown the letters patent and drawings of a most useful invention, recently patented by our friend and townsman, F. J. Gardner, Esq. It is an adjustible Chair, which may be neatly and cheaply constructed and made to answer the double purpose of a Rocking Chair and Lounge, and at the same time forms an elegant piece of furniture. Mr. G. claims to have rendered the rocking chair and lounge in use, far more cheap, convenient and desirable, by his improvements, of which we have no doubt. They must meet a want which has long been felt by feeble and infirm persons. The drawings alone excite a strong desire in us to take a snooze in one, but our purse and time are too short We hope this invention will prove greatly beneficial to the inventor, as we have no doubt it will to the purchasers of the article.—*Washington (N. C.) Dispatch.*

NEW YORK SWINDLING:—A gentleman from Wheeling, Va., en route for Europe, arrived in this city yesterday. Having heard of the swindling operation practiced upon ignorant strangers, he determined to steer clear of the swindlers. With this view he made inquiry upon his arrival here for the office of the Bremen consul, so that he might get the necessary tickets at head quarters. A gentlemanly-looking man, of whom he made the inquiry, kindly offered to escort him to the consul's office. The unsuspecting Virginian was taken to a ticket office at the corner of Liberty and Greenwich streets, and introduced, as he supposed, to the Bremen representative, of whom he purchased a ticket and paid for it. Soon after he found it to be worthless, and in his next effort to procure a genuine ticket he was, it is alleged, swindled a second time. The police are after the swindlers.

THE SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY.—It will be seen from this item, taken from the Alabama *Educational Journal*, that this institution promises to open under the most favorable auspices:

The Trustees of the Southern University, at Greensboro,' have elected the following members, of the Faculty: Rev. Wm. M. Wightman, D. D., (now President of Wofford College, S. C.) President; J. C. Willis, A. M., (now of Randolph-Macon College, Va.) Prof. of Mathematics; O. F. Causey, A. M., (now of Wesleyan University, Florence,) Professor of Language; N. T. Lupton, A. M., (Petersburg, Va.,) Prof. of Chemistry; Rev. Edward Wadsworth, D. D., Prof. of Moral Philosophy. One other chair is to be filled in June next. The University fund is now about $300,000. Mr. J. W. S. Napair, of Marengo county, recently endowed a chair of Biblical Literature The University will be opened for students 1st of October, 1859.

WHEN EASTER COMES.—It will be interesting to learn that Easter, which will be on the 24th of April this year, last fell on that day in 1791 and will not fall on the same date again till 2011. Since the introduction of the Georgian Almanac this has only been the case in the years 1639, 1707 and 1791. The period in which Easter can fall, reaches from the 22d of March (earliest date) to the 25th of April (latest date,) leaving thirty-five different days for the celebration of this festival. In this century Easter will fall only once (1886) on the latest date, the 25th of April.

Dickens lately read his "Christmas Carol," at Hastings, England, when, at its close, the effect upon one of the hearers—a miserly, covetous, rich old gentleman—was such, that he at once gave £2,000 to be divided between three useful benevolent institutions belonging to the town.

New Orleans, February 2.—Sales of 6000 bales Cotton to-day, at irregular prices; Middling 11¼cts; market unchanged. Sugar is buoyant, and has advanced ⅛ cts; Fair to Fully Fair 6⅝cts. Breadstuffs are buoyant. Corn is active at 90cts. Western Mess Pork has advanced 50cts, and is quoted at $19.50. Shoulders are buoyant and have advanced ¾cts, and are now quoted at 7¾cts.

JUDGE RUFFIN.—A "traveller" in the Petersburg Express, thus truthfully speaks of our Supreme Court and of Judge Ruffin:

The Supreme Court of North Carolina is now beyond doubt, one of the ablest judicial tribunals in the nation. There is not in this whole Union, a more profound jurist, than Judge Ruffin. I regard him as an honor to the American Bar.

1859. **For Every Body!** 1859.

The Largest, the Cheapest,

THE BEST!!

The Times;

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER;

Commenced its Fourth Volume 1st January, 1859. Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully **ILLUSTRATED** and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

☞ **TERMS** in advance: 1 copy $2; 6 copies $10; 10 copies $15; 50 copies $50 ☜ And One Copy to the Getter up of a Club.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing. ☜

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

LOOK OUT FOR CUPID.
Be in season for the approaching Jubilee of February 14th.
Porter & Gorrell have just received a large lot of Comic, Fancy and Sentimental Valentines. Call and see them at their New Drug Store.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.
Rev. N. McRAY, *Principal*, with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire-places, fuel, &c., $6 per month. English Branches $6 to $15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

☞ 30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guaranteed to such.

For full information, address,
REV. WM. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*
Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

BE IN SEASON: and send to J. & F. Garrett's for some beautiful VALENTINES FOR 1859
SENTIMENTAL AND COMIC.
Various sizes and prices. Orders filled through the Mail. J. & F. GARRETT,
Greensboro, N. C.

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, 4 doors North of the court-house, Greensboro, N. C,
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

LAST NOTICE. Those indebted to the firm of E. W. OGBURN, CO., must settle by the 15th, of December or their accounts will be placed into the hands of an officer. JAS. W. DOAK,
136—tf. Surviving Partner.

SPRING IMPORTATION 1859.
ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
RIBBONS, MILLINERY,
SILK GOODS, FLOWERS, RUCHE, FLATS,
—AND—
Straw Bonnetts,
No. 237 Baltimore Street,
BETWEEN CHARLES AND HANOVER STS.
BALTIMORE.
Offer a Stock unequaled in the United States in variety, extent and cheapness.
(5::3m pd.)

GREAT BARGAINS!!!
AS WE ARE DETERMINED TO close our business, we offer our entire stock of Ready-Made Clothing and Furnishing Goods at astonishingly low prices. Those in want of any of the above mentioned articles will find it to their utmost interest to give us an early call. We warrant to sell *fifty per cent cheaper* than any other house in this market.
S. ARCHER & CO.
Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES FREE OF CHARGE. DR. BAAKEE will also give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. He will devote particular attention to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, (acute and Chronic,) Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic Female Diseases, and cures all diseases of the EYE AND EAR. Without the use of Knife or Needle, and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife. DR. BAAKEE can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success of curing Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. Special arrangements must be made with Dr. BAAKEE for the last named diseases, as they will require his constant advice and attention. DR. BAAKEE is one of the most skilful and celebrated Physicians and Surgeons now living. His fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters directed to DR. BAAKEE, (inclosing ten cents,) from any distance, correctly stating the nature of the disease, shall be promptly answered, and the patients treated by correspondence FREE OF CHARGE.

☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.
Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

THE GREAT BEAUTIFIER
SO LONG UNSUCCESSFULLY Sought, Found at Last! For it restores permanently gray hair to its original color; covers luxuriantly the bald head; removes all dandruff, itching and all scrofula, scald head and all eruptions; makes the hair soft, healthy, and glossy; and will preserve it to any imaginable age, remove, as if by magic, all blotches &c. from the face, and cures all neuralgia and nervous head ache. See circular and the following.

Dover, N. H., Feb. 2d, 1857.
Prof. O. J. Wood & Co.—Gents: Within a few days we have received so many orders and calls for Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, that to day we were compelled to send to Boston for a quantity. (the 6 dozen you forwarded all being sold,) while we might order a quantity from you. Every bottle we have sold seems to have produced three or four new customers and the approbation, and patronage it receives from the most substantial and worthy citizens of our vicinity, fully convince us that it is A MOST VALUABLE PREPARATION.
Send us as soon as may be one gross of $1 size; and one dozen $2 size; and believe us yours very respectfully.
Signed DANIEL LATHORP & Co.

Hickory Grove, St. Charles Co., Mo., Nov. 19, 1856. Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir: Some time last summer we were induced to use some of your Hair Resterative, and its effects were so wonderful, we feel it our duty to you and the afflicted, to report it.
Our little son's head for some time had been perfectly covered with sores, and some called it scald head. The hair almost entirely came off in consequence, when a friend, seeing his sufferings, advised us to use your Restorative, we did so with little hope of success, but, to our surprise, and that of all our friends, a very few applications removed the diseas entirely, and a new and luxuriant crop of hair soon started out, and we can now say that our boy has as healthy a scaly, and as luxuriant a crop of hair as any other child. We can therefore, and do hereby recommend your Restorative, as a perfect remedy for all diseases of the scalp and hair. We are, yours cespectfully,
GEORGE W. HIGGINBOTHAM,
SARAH A. HIGGINBOTHAM.

Gardiner, Maine, June 22, 1855.
Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir: I have used two bottles of Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, and can truly say it is the greatest discovery of the age for restoring and changing the Hair. Before using it I was a man of seventy. My Hair has now attained its original color. You can recommend it to the world without the least fear, as my case was one of the worst kind.
Yours Respectfully,
DANIEL N. MURPHY.
O. J WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y., (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment) and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo. And sold by all good Druggists by
T. J. PATRICK,
W. C. PORTER,
109:1y Greensboro.

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.
Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.
All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North-Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.
J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, awarded to C. Meyer, for his two PIANOS, London, October 15, 1851.

C. Meyer respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has constantly on hand Pianos, equal to those for which he received the Prize Medal in London, in 1851.
All orders promptly attended to and great care taken in the selection and packing the same.
He has received, during the last fifteen years, more Medals than any other maker, from the Franklin Institute—also, First Premiums in Boston, New York and Baltimore.
Warerooms, No. 772 ARCH street, below Eighth, South side, Philadelphia. 2-6m:eow

CATALOGUE OF FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, for sale by PORTER & GORRELL, successors to Dr. T. J. Patrick, Greensborough, N. C.

Asparagus.—Giant, Purple Top.
Dwarf Beans.—Early China, Early White Marrow, Early Valentine, Early Yellow Six Weeks, Early Mohawk, Early Large White Kidney, Early Refugee, or 1000 to 1, Early Succotash.
Pole Beans.—Large Lima, or Butter, White Cranberry, Scieva, or Small Lima, White Dutch Runner, Red Cranberry.
Beet.—Best Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Flat Bassano, Early Scarcity, Early Yellow Turnip Beet, Long Blood Red, White Sugar, Mangel Wurtzel.
Brocoli.—Early White, Early Purple, Large Purple Cape, White Cape, or Cauliflower, Brussells Sprouts.
Cabbage.—Early York, Early Sugar Loaf, Early Flat Battersea, Large French Oxheart, Wethersfield Prem. Flat Dutch, Nonpariel, Large Flat Battersea, Large Flat Dutch, Large late American Drumhead, Large Bergen, Large English Drumhead, True Green Glazed, Fine Drumhead Savoy, Green Globe Savoy, Red Dutch, for pickling.
Cauliflower.—Early London, Large Late Asiatic, extra.
Carrot.—Long Orange, Large White Field, Blood Red, or Purple.
Celery.—Cole's Superb Dwarf, Seymour's Superb, White Solid, New Silver Giant, Large Manchester Red Solid.
Cress.—Curled, or Peppergrass, Broad Leaf Garden, Water, or Winter.
Cucumber.—Early Frame, Early Russian, *earliest known*, Early Cluster, London Long Green, for pick'g, Short Green Prickly, Extra Long Green Turkey, Gherkin, or Burr, for pickling.
Egg Plant.—Early Long Purple, White.
Indian Corn.—Early Sweet, Large Sweet, or Sugar, Evergreen Sweet, Early White Flint.
Lettuce.—Early Curled Silesia, Early White Cabbage, or Butter, Fine Imperial Head, Large Green Head, Ice Head, Ice Cos, London White Cabbage,
Melon.—Pine Apple, Green Citron, Nutmeg, Large Yellow Cantalope, Large Musk.
Watermelon.—Mountain Sprout, Mountain Sweet, large and fine, Long Island, Citron, for Preserves.
Mustard.—White or English, Brown, Nasturtium.
Onion.—Extra Early Red, Wethersfield Large Red, Yellow Silver Skin, White Portugal.
Okra.—Long White, Short Green.
Parsley.—Plain, or Common, Curled, or Double, Myatt's Garnishing.
Parsnip.—Long Smooth, or Sugar, extra.
Pepper.—Long Cayenne, Large Squash, or Tomato, Large Bull Nose, or Bell, Large Sweet Mountain.
Peas.—J. R. & Co., *earliest known*, Extra Early May, very early, Early Frame, or June, 2d early, Early D'ble Blossom Frame, Eng., Large White Marrowfat, Black Eyed Marrowfat, Dwarf Sugar, Eatable Pod.
Pumpkin.—Connecticut Field, Large Cheese.
Radish.—Red Turnip Rooted, Early Short Top Long Scarlet, White Turnip Rooted, Yellow Turnip.
Rhubarb.—Early Tobolsk, Myatt's Victoria.
Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster.
Squash.—Early Yellow Bush Scollop, Early Bush Summer Crookneck, Fall, or Winter Crookneck, Lima Cocoanut, Sweet Potatoe.
Tomato.—Large Red, J. R. & Co. Extra Large Red, Round Smooth Red, Large Yellow.
Turnip.—Early Flat Dutch, or Spring, Large English Norfolk, Large White Globe, Large White Flat, Early Yellow Dutch, Early Yellow Russian, best known for winter use, Yellow Globe, sweet.
Ruta Baga.—Purple Top, Skirving's Liverpool.

Sweet Herbs &c.—Sage, Summer Savory, Sweet Majoram, Thyme, Lavender, Rosemary, Lemon Balm, Red Onion Setts, Yellow Onion Setts.
Jan. 25th., 1859. (4::2m.)

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.
The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**
His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.
The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.
An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steam boat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge
By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.
Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.
JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.-1y.

All JOB WORK, Executed with Neatness, Accuracy, and Dispatch, at this Office.

A FULL SUPPLY OF BLANKS Always on hand

ARE YOU SICK?
Then you can't be cured too soon. Don't delay until your complaint is incurable and then mourn when it is too late. Four-fifths of all the diseases which people the church yards, might be cured by Ayer's Cathartic Pills, if taken in season. Don't go dragging thro' the Spring, faint sleepy and listless, because your blood is loaded with bile. Don't wear the headache, heartburn, and their kindred disorders, because your stomach is foul. Don't parade yourself around the world, covered with Pimples, Blotches, Ulcers, Sores, and all or any of the unclean diseases of the skin, because your system wants cleansing. Don't show yourself about, lean, haggard, all caved in, because your Stomach and Bowels need strengthening into healthy action. Ayer's Pills set these things right as surely as water quenches fire. They purify the body and blood and restore their functions into healthy activity which you can feel as quick as they are taken. They are the one great medical wonder of the age, recognized by all who know their virtues, and many thousands know them. Take the *Cherry Pectoral* for a cough, and the *Pills* for all derangements requiring a purgative medicine.
Price 25 cts per Box—5 Boxes for $1,00.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. and sold by T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro; Williams & Heywood, Raleigh; S J Hinsdale, Fayetteville; O. A. Bradley, Wilmington; Purcell, Laud & Co., Richmond, and all druggists.
125:8m

THE LIVER
INVIGORATOR!
PREPARED BY DR. SANFORD,
Compounded entirely from GUMS,

IS ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES now before the public, that acts as a *Cathartic*, safer, milder, and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic*, but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *liver* to eject its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off this matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operations of most *Cathartics*. It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity.

The **Liver** is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs its functions well, the powers of the system are fully developed. The *stomach* almost entirely dependent on the healthy action of the *Liver* for the proper performance of its functions, when the *liver* is at fault, and the whole stomach at fault, the bowels of one organ—the **Liver**—system suffers in consequence For the diseases of that organ, one of the proprietors has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy wherewith to counteract the many derangements to which it is liable.

To prove that this remedy is at last found, any person troubled with **Liver Complaint**, in any of its forms, has but to try a bottle, and conviction is certain.

These Gums remove all morbid or bad matter from the system, supplying in their place a healthy flow of bile, invigorating the stomach, causing food to digest well, **purifying the blood**, giving tone and health to the whole machinery, removing the cause of the disease—effecting a radical **cure.**

Bilious attacks are cured, **and, what is better, prevented**, by the occasional use of the **Liver Invigorator.**

One dose after eating is sufficient to relieve the stomach and prevent the food from rising and souring.

Only one dose taken before retiring, prevents **Nightmare.**

Only one dose taken at night, loosens the bowels gently, and cures **Costiveness.**

One dose will cure **Dyspepsia** One dose after each meal will always relieve

☞ One dose of two teaspoonfuls will always relieve **Sick Headache.**

One bottle taken for female obstruction removes the cause of the difficulty, and makes a perfect cure.

Only one dose immediately relieves **Cholic**, while One dose often repeated is a sure cure for **Cholera** or **Cholera Morbus**, and a preventive of **Cholera.**

☞ Only one bottle is needed to throw out of the system the effects of mediocine after a long sickness.

☞ One bottle taken for **Jaundice** removes all sallowness or unnatural color from the skin.

One dose taken a short time before eating gives vigor to the appetite, and makes food digest well.

One dose often repeated cures **Chronic Diarrhea** in its worst forms. while **Summer** and **Bowel** complaints yield almost to the first dose. One or two doses cures attacks caused by **Worms** in Children: there is no surer, safer, or speedier remedy in the world, as it *never fails.*

☞ A few bottles cures **Dropsy**, by exciting the absorbents.

We take pleasure in recommending this medicine as a preventive for **Fever and Ague, Chill Fever,** and all **Fevers of a Bilious Type.** It operates with certainty, and thousands are willing to testify to its wonderful virtues.

All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony in its favor.

☞ **Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.**

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR
IS A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and is daily working cures, almost too great to believe. It cures as if by magic, *even the first dose giving benefit*, and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of **Liver** Complaint, from the worst *Jaundice* or *Dyspepsia* to a common *Headache*, all of which are the result of a **Diseased Liver.**

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
SANFORD & Co., Proprietors, 345 Broadway, New York.
Wholesale Agents:
BARNES & PARK, New York; T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia; M. S. BURR & Co., Boston; H. H. HAY & Co., Portland; JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati; GAYLORD & HAMMOND, Cleveland; FARNESTOCK, DAVIS, Chicago; D. J. WOOD & Co., St. Louis; GEORGE H. KEYSER, Pittsburgh; S. S. HANCE, Baltimore. And retailed by all Druggists. *Sold also by*
115:1y T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.
To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Imporence. Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self abuse, &c., &c
The Howtrd Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual Diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.
The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.
Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or a Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.
Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
March, 1858. 113–1y.

20.000 PRINTING CARDS, With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

My dear Young Friends:—During the last Summer and Fall I had the pleasure of talking to large assemblies of little boys and girls, in many cities and towns in North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut. At some places, I asked the children to assist me in the good work, by a donation of such of their little sunday school papers, as they were willing to spare, that I might give them to poor little boys and girls, whom I might meet with in my travels, who probably had never seen any of the nice papers printed for children. I have found many such children, and even old people, who did not know such were published. I told the children there was a great deal of good seed in those little papers, and I thought it would be better to scatter it about in good ground, or even along the "highway furrows," than to let it lie, year after year, in one pile and become stale and musty. How their bright eyes sparkled with the joyous thought that they could do good in that simple way! I think too, the eyes of my little readers would open very wide, if they could see the large number of papers I gathered. To-day I was looking over a bundle given me by the children of Rahway, New Jersey; and I found many things, so true and beautiful, I could not refrain from transcribing some of them for you to read. Here is something from the *London Youth's Companion*, printed in 1853. Some of you may have seen it before but it will do you no harm to read it again. I hope you will always remember the words of little David, and so live, here on earth, as to meet him and all good children in that "Home in Heaven."

"WE'VE GOT NO HOME, ONLY HEAVEN."

"Some months before his death, one of the little party, during a walk, observed that it was time to turn and go home. As they were doing so, Davie said, "Sissa don't you know we've got no home, only heaven."

(*Memoir of Abner and David Brown.*)

We have no home but heaven!—
A pilgrim's garb we bear;
Our path is marked by changes,
And strewed with many a care;—
Surrounded with temptation;
By varied ills opprest;
Each day's experience warns us
That *this* is not our rest!

We have no home but heaven!
Then wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privations,
Or grieve when trouble's near?
It is but for a season,
That we as strangers roam;
And strangers must not look for
The comforts of a home.

We have no home but heaven!
We want no home beside:
O God, our Friend and Father!
Our footsteps thither guide!
Unfold to us its glory;
Prepare us for its joy—
Its pure and perfect friendship—
Its angel-like employ!

We have a home in heaven!
How cheering is the thought!
How bright the expectations
Which God's own word has taught.
With eager hearts we hasten,
The promised bliss to share!
We have a home in heaven—
Oh, would that we were there!

ANNIE.

Ah! my little friends you cannot know how these beautiful lines thrilled the heart of your "friend"—a poor wayfaring man, without a place where his own dear little ones may nestle around the hearth-stone of a happy home, but it is a cheering thought that we all,

May have a home in heaven!
In that bright world above—
Amid the shining Angels,
Where all is peace and love.

There, joy is everlasting
There, sorrows all unknown—
No sad hearts will ever throb,
Around God's holy throne!

Then, let us strive for heaven!
That bright bright home above—
Amid the shining Angels,
Where all is peace and love.

And I will tell you, my dear little friends, how one sweet little boy died—how he gave up the home where his father and mother lived to go to "the better home." Read it, and then ask yourself if you would not like to live and die like little Charlie, and then go to

"THE BETTER HOME."

Most children love home; and, when at school, or separated far from those they esteem, no sound is so sweet as the sound of home. Little Charles dearly loved his home; but his friends, who knew what would be best for him, sent him to a boarding school, at some distance from his native town. The half year passed away, Charles sometimes thought rather slowly; and the close attention he was obliged to pay to his books frequently tired him; but he was one of the teacher's best boys; and, being of a meek and gentle temper, all the scholars loved him. But at length the holydays were rapidly approaching, and Charles' heart beat high with expectation and delight.—There was the loved society of his mamma and papa, at his old abode, and all his dear brothers and sisters; there was the beautiful garden and the orchard, the pony and old dog Carlo, and indeed all the pretty things he could desire; and many a bright scheme did he plan, and many a sweet anticipation did he enjoy. But it was not to be. About a week before the holydays began, the poor little fellow was suddenly seized with a sad pain in his head, and a giddiness which affected him much. He quickly became worse, and his parents were sent for.

The doctor, fearing that the illness might prove of an infectious character, all the young people were immediately sent to their own residences. The afflicted child listened, in pensive sadness, to the roll of the carriages, as they rattled over the stones, and bore his companions away; and often did the heavy sob burst from his aching bosom; but he had this hope, and it was an anchor to his soul amid all his grief, that if he were called to die, he should go to a *better* home. As soon as Charles saw his kind parents enter his room, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Mamma, I *did* think I should have seen you *at home, not here*; I do not think I shall ever get well again; but I *do* hope I shall go to a better home."

His mamma could not at first make any reply; the gloom of a sick chamber, the altered appearance of the boy, the probability that he would soon be no more; all these things overcame her.

Charles wondered that she did not answer him, and again said, "O! my mamma, Jesus Christ *will* take me to a better home; will he not?"

The good lady, almost broken-hearted then replied to his question, that if he were called hence; she trusted he *would* be found with Jesus, and accepted in and through him. The many proofs of his piety, which, in the days of health he had often shown, greatly comforted her in the prospect of losing him.

Soon after this the dear child became insensible; and though he talked very fast, he knew not what he said. A few hours, however, before he departed, while his mother was hanging in silent agony over his pillow, he revived, and reason partly returned.—He gazed at his fondest friend, and seemed to wonder why she wept; he said something, indistinctly, about going to his Father's house, about many mansions about holy angels, and a better home; and soon after this one gentle sigh his fetters broke; there were one or two slight struggles, and the spirit of little Charles appeared before the bar of the Eternal.

Ah! how short is the time! how near may be eternity! The body of Charles remained a lifeless corps; his sweet blue eyes had lost their lustre, and the hollowness of death sat upon his countenance. Soon was he carried to the house appointed for all living, to mingle with the dust; but we trust, that his soul was washed white as the driven snow in the blood of his Redeemer; and if so, he will "be forever with the Lord."

Ye children, to your saviour haste,
And trust his kindly care;
Entreat forgiveness for the past,
With all the power of prayer.

He only can your sins forgive.
He only can atone,
And bear you to yon world of bliss,
That better, better home.

The man who waited for an opportunity has gone on; and the man who was fired with indignation has been put out.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

ON COLDS.—When a cold first comes on, it is advisable to keep within the doors a day or two, and be careful of draughts. Before going to bed, a foot-bath as hot as can be borne, and a warm drink of any sort of tea, to produce perspiration, are good. Sometimes a blue-pill, taken at the commencement of a cold, will check it. Another remedy suggested is the use of stimulants. Eat as usual, and take a glass of wine with each meal. A weak infusion of green tea, without milk or sugar, is a useful diluent in fevers, colds, and rheumatism.

SNAKE-BITES.—It appears not to be generally known that the external application of spirituous liquors will speedily relieve the bite of the most venomous snake. If convenient, immerse the wound in a basin of spirits, (of any kind, though the stronger the better;) if not, fill a bottle, and, placing the mouth upon the wound, invert it, and hold it steadily until the pain abates. If the bottle be a clear one, the green poisonous fluid may be seen ascending through the spirits. The person bitten should have the presence of mind to cord the limb immediately, to prevent the venom spreading before the remedy can be procured. Camphorated spirits answer equally well, and are generally on hand in most houses.

SPIDER-BITES.—Take tansy leaves and bruise in cold water. Drink the water, and bind the bruised leaves to the bitten part.

STINGS OF INSECTS.—There are many cures for stings, but very frequently they are not on hand when wanted. Every housewife has in her garden a superior remedy, which should be known by all. Take a portion of onion, either top or root; bruise, and apply for a few minutes to the wound. If applied immediately, it prevents future soreness and inflammation, as well as gives immediate relief.

ARTIFICIAL GASTRIC JUICE.—It has long been known, as a matter of theory and experiment, to chemists and medical men, that it was possible to exhibit by artificial means some of the phenomena of digestion, and to dissolve portions of animal and other food in vessels maintained at a proper temperature, either by the gastric juice obtained from the stomah of an animal killed shortly after a meal, or by a similar substance artificially prepared. But this theoretical knowledge has not, until very recently, been turned to practical account, to any considerable extent. Dr. Landerer is believed to have been the first person who employed in medical practice an artificial gastric juice, which he prepared from the stomach of a wolf; but even before that, rennet, a substance possessing somewhat similar preperties, was occasionally used as a medicine in cases of dyspepsia. The present systematic introduction, however, on a large scale, of a medicine capable of performing the functions which properly belong to the digestive organs, is due to Dr. Corvisart, a Parisian physician, and the results of its use appear to be sufficiently remarkable to merit general attention.

YELLOW JESSAMINE POISONOUS.—Mr, Wm. T. Bryan, of Nash county, N.C., recently lost one of his children in such a peculiar way, that a correspondent of the Tawboro' *Southerner*, feels it due to the public to make it known. It seems there was a piece of the yellow jessamine vine in the house, and had been for two weeks; the nurse to amuse the children as is supposed, divided the piece into parts, and gave a piece to each one of the children—there being four of them. It appears that two of the children chewed their pieces and swallowed the saliva, as it was soon discovered that two of them were strangely affected, suffering with great relaxation of the muscular system as well as being sleepy. A physician was sent for, but before one could be obtained, the younger child of the two, aged two years, was dead. The other child aged about four years, was affected in the same way, but not to the same extent, and by being roused up, the effects, after a few hours passed off. The dec'd child did not live to exceed thirty minutes after it was found out that something was the matter. The mother informs us that neither of the children seemed to suffer any pain—and that the deceased died heavily narcotized. There resting doubts in the minds of the parents as to what produced their child's death, the writer administered a few desert spoonfuls of a decoction of the jessamine, to a cat, which produced death in twenty-five minutes. It is not generally known that the jessamine. or rather jasmine is poisonous, and for this reason the above is communicated.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

DRAWING INFERENCES.—"I liked your sermon very much to day, with a single exception," said a worthy pastor to a minister who had occupied his pulpit a portion of the Sabbath.

"Well, what was the exception?"

"I think you used too many technical phrases."

"Did I?—I didn't think of it."

"You repeatedly spoke of drawing inferences. Now that was Greek to many hearers."

"Oh, no. Most every one or course knows what we mean by drawing an inference."

"You are mistaken, brother, as sure as you live; I do not believe one-half of my congregation would understand the phrase."

"You certainly cannot be right."

"I am; now there is Mr. Smith," pointing to a man just turning the corner from the meeting house, "who is quite an intelligent farmer; we will overtake him, I will ask him if he can draw an inference and I do not believe that he will understand me."

Accordingly the two ministers quickened their pace, and as they came up to the said Mr. Smith his pastor said to him,

"Brother Smith, can you draw an inference?"

Brother Smith, thus summarily interogated, looked at his pastor for some fifteen seconds quite surprised and then rather hesitatingly said,

"Well, I don't know; I'spose I could, I've got a pair of steers that can draw anything to which they are hitched—but I shouldn't like to on Sunday."

'Good morning. Patrick—slippery this morning.' Slippiery! and be be jabers it's nothing else, yer honor; upon my word I slipped down three times without getting up one."

LOVE.—A little world within itself, intimately connected with shovel and tongs.

If a man makes me keep my distance the comfort is he keeps his at the same time.

MR. JENKINS, will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?"

"No, Sir. You are mistaken in the man. I am not one of the old settlers."

One little "garden patch" of ours has been very profitable this season. The snails ate up the cucumbers, the chickens ate up the snails, the neighbors' cats ate the chickens, and we are now in search of something that will eat up the cats? Can any of our agricultural friends aid us —*Alabama Planter.*

One of our large size Sausage Machines will certainly do the work, shall we send you one? (EDS. INDEX.)

In a village in Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man to believe her out of pain; and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet and carried out to be buried. But, as luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge that the thorns pierced the sheet, and waked her from her trance. Some years after she died in reality, and the funeral passed along the same way and the husband would, now and then, call out, "not too near the hedge—not too near the hedge, neighbor."

A fellow, who was arrested in Buffalo, for stealing a shirt, put in the following defence:—"I did not steal the shirt—I was passing along by the store, I saw the shirt hanging up, and then I took hold of it. When I took hold of it, it dropped down in my hands, and I knew that if I stood there with it people who saw me would believe that I meant to steal it; so I ran off, to prevent suspicion attaching to me."

Why is blindman's buff like sympathy? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.

POWERFUL DISCOURSE.—It is stated that a minister of Fitchburg, lectured so powerfully, a few days ago, against the use of tobacco, that several of his audience went home burned their cigars—holding one end of them in their mouths.

"I know," said Tipsey, "water is a fine thing, but it is so *dreadful thin.*"

"My inkstand is stationary," as the schoolmaster said when he found it nailed to his desk.

How is it when wife wears the breeches, she and her husband compose the number ten?—Because she is number one, and he is a cyber.

A letter addressed to the 'Church of God,' at Portland, Me., some years ago, was returned to the general post office, with the endorsement, 'Misdirected!'

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
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Nov., '58. 2—1y.

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